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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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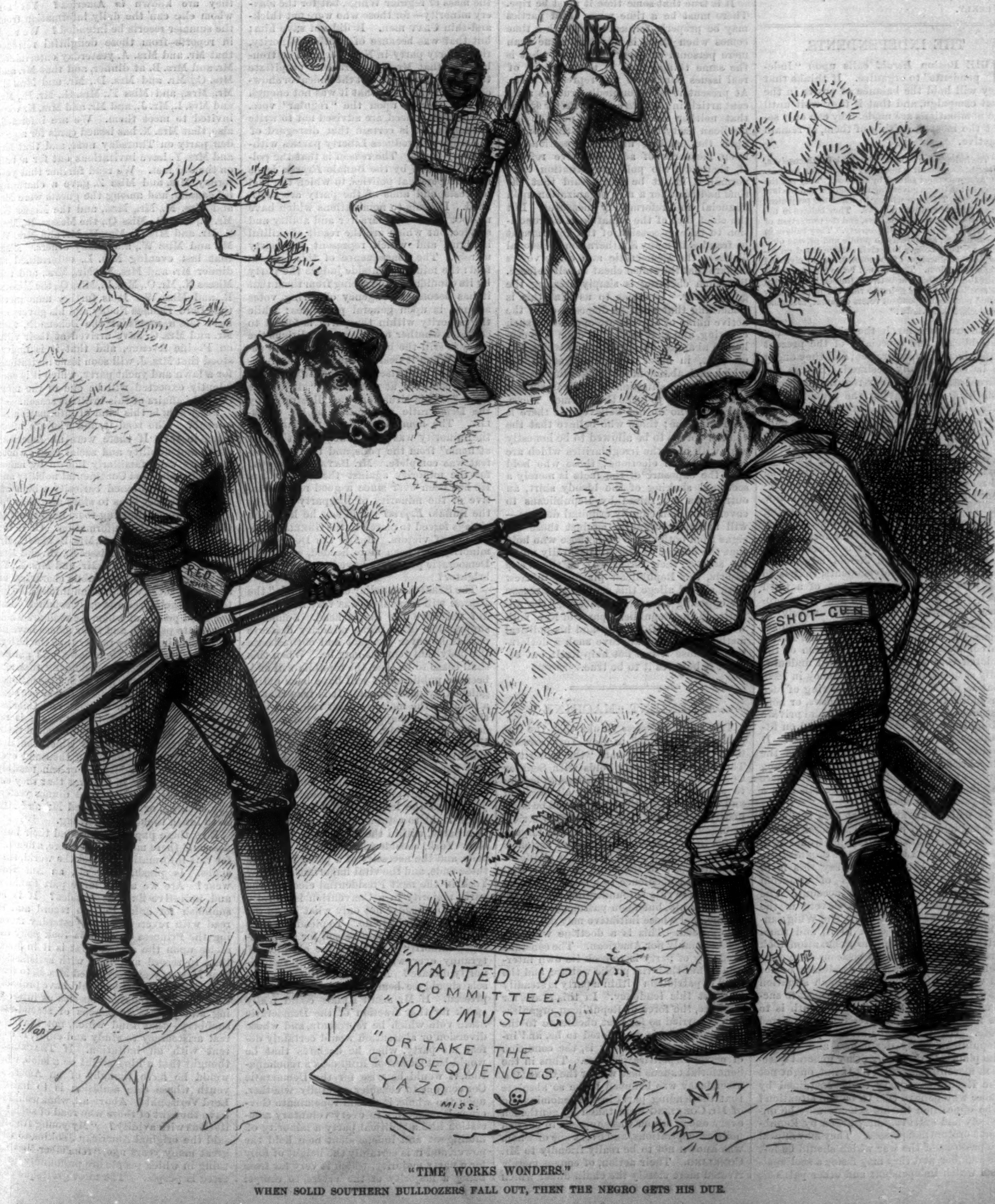
RED SHIRT
SHOT-GUN
"WAITED UPON" COMMITTEE.
"YOU MUST GO"
"OR TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES."
YAZOO.
MISS.
Th: Nast

"TIME WORKS WONDERS."
WHEN SOLID SOUTHERN BULLDOZERS FALL OUT, THEN THE NEGRO GETS HIS DUE.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1879.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains, among other attractive features, a portrait of the late* CHARLES MATHEWS, *with a biographical sketch.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE INDEPENDENTS.

THE Boston *Herald* calls upon "Independents" to organize. It thinks that they will hold the balance of power in the next campaign, and that if they wait until the nominations are made, they can only select the most promising of them, or remain inactive.

> "The independent voters, who think for themselves, do not believe that it is necessary to continue the contest over questions settled by the war. They see the States in the Union governing themselves, and the late slaves free. They are willing to leave the prejudices of race to time and natural laws. They believe in the enforcement of wholesome laws, and the protection of every citizen in person and property. They believe in honest money, and fidelity to public and private obligations. They believe in a civil service based on fitness, in the education of the masses, and in civil and religious freedom. They do not believe that there is going to be another war between the sections, or that the smaller section is going to rule the larger. Why should not the independent voters organize, assemble, and declare their views?"

These are very much the views of many Republicans, and especially of the present Republican Administration, and they ought to be emphatically declared. But, as the *Herald* states them, they require some elucidation. Does leaving the prejudices of race to time and natural laws mean unprotesting acquiescence in the systematic suppression of the colored vote in the election of the common legislature? Can there be any more pressing or important question than this, and if so, ought there not to be all reasonable practical co-operation to prevent such a usurpation? Again, while few persons probably suppose that there is going to be another war between the sections, does it follow that the smaller section may not rule the greater if it is unscrupulous enough? The Boston *Herald* advises organization of the Independents, that is to say, the formal establishment of a third party; for it can not mean gravely to propose a political organization merely to choose between other political organizations. A serious third party at the North, in connection with the suppression of the colored vote at the South, would undoubtedly secure Democratic ascendency in 1880. But would this secure the leaving of race prejudice to time and natural laws, or honest money and fidelity to public and private obligations, or a civil service based on fitness, or the education of the masses? It would secure certainly the defeat of the Republican party; but would it do any thing more than that, and would the mere exchange of one party for the other be a real gain to the country?

It will be answered that this is always the argument of old partisans against new parties, and that such reasoning would have forbidden the Liberty party organization and vote in 1844. But to say this is to plead that the differences of situation should not be taken into account. The real question in 1844 was slavery in the form of Texas annexation. The Whig candidate virtually acceded to it, and those with whom opposition to annexation took precedence of all other questions were compelled to vote for a third candidate, or not to vote at all. There is no such situation now. The Democratic party expect to succeed by a "solid South." The South is to be made solid by suppressing the colored vote. This is a vital national peril. The Republican party denounces and opposes the plan. Is there any other general question more fundamental? If not, ought not the Republican party to be sustained by those who believe this to be the situation? The opposition to this scheme may be unwisely and extravagantly urged by Republican orators and presses. They may appeal to passions of the war which should be left to slumber, and they may foster a sectionalism which independent and other patriotic voters may deplore. But because the leaders and the plan of the opposition may not be such as these voters would prefer, would it be better to acquiesce in the usurpation? To put it in what will be to many Independents the strongest way, would it be better that the Democrats should succeed by deliberate, confessed, systematic fraud and terror in the suppression of the colored vote than that General GRANT even should be re-elected? If this should be called a choice of evils, it is what political action always is, and if a man should say that he declined both, he would simply decide never to take part in politics. If, however, he decides otherwise, he is bound to consider the circumstances, and to see how he can do least harm. Thus in 1872 it seemed to us that whatever criticism might be justly made of the GRANT administration, the necessary alternative of Democratic control was worse, and the proceedings and results of the third-party movement of that year proved conclusively that the time was not ripe.

It is true that some time it must be ripe. There must be a time when third parties may be properly formed. But such a time comes when there is no other issue than mere personal or party success, or, what is the same thing, when in the presence of real issues parties do not represent them. At present it is undoubtedly true, as a recent article in the *International Review* states, that neither the Democratic nor the Republican party represents a distinct policy upon the pending financial questions, or upon measures of administrative reform. If, therefore, the political situation were normal, it might be justly said that the time had come for a new organization upon financial and reformatory measures. But the chief fact of the situation is a proposition to take possession of the government by fraud. In many Southern Congressional districts the Democratic and other voters declare that they must cheat in self-defense. But such cheating is simply stealing the government. It seems to us that this is something that must be disposed of by the active union of all who are opposed to such cheating, and that until it is done it is useless to abandon an organization which can effect it, in order to attempt something which such abandonment makes impossible. In the present situation Republican success is the only way to baffle the scheme. Those, however, who do not believe that there is such a scheme; those who believe that the colored vote is to be allowed to be honestly cast, with only the irregularities which are common to all elections; those who hold that the exposure of the facts is merely a sectional shaking of the bloody shirt, an outrageous cry raised by Republicans to cover their own equally criminal designs—will naturally organize against those designs from both sides. But those who hold that the danger exists will naturally unite, not scatter, their forces. If, as the *World* asserts, the Republican platform in New York should allege this scheme as a reason for opposing Democratic success, "the minority in the Republican party of New York who dislike Mr. CONKLING and his political methods" will not approve such a declaration because it can not help itself, but because it believes it to be true.

A LENIENT "MACHINE."

THE Buffalo *Express* thinks that the Republican "machine" in New York errs by too great leniency toward "the minority." The *Express* evidently holds with Senator CONKLING that it is poor business to belong to a party a little, and that all question and dissent within the party should be summarily suppressed. Now as in every strictly organized party like that of the Republicans in this State the "regular" action is merely registering the will of a clique or ring, disregard of the minority means simply implicit obedience to a self-constituted junto whose rule is founded not upon natural leadership, but upon patronage and discipline, and whose initiative may deserve to be opposed. This is a doctrine which is neither manly nor American. The constant tendency of party is to seek its own interests rather than the public welfare, and the duty of patriotism within a party is steadily to resist this tendency. In this State, for instance, the force of Republican organization is carried so far that obedience to the dominant ring is considered to be, and indeed in great part really is, the condition of personal political success. Thus in the Senatorial caucus last winter the CONKLING ascendency was believed to be so absolute that the leading parts in the renomination of Mr. CONKLING were taken by gentlemen every one of whom was supposed to cherish political aspirations, and every one of whom was known not to be really friendly to Mr. CONKLING. Their action, of course, merely riveted more closely the chain under which they have all chafed. The harmony of the caucus seems to us to have been very different from that of last year's Convention. In that Convention the "machine," which was all powerful, desired before all things that there should be no opposition. It ascertained the terms upon which peace could be had, and it accepted them. It acted wisely, in our judgment, although the Buffalo *Express* deplores tampering with party rebels.

But let the *Express* consider the question for a moment. As a party organ it will agree that what a party wants at an election is votes. Now it is sure of its regular "rank and file," and the object of its efforts should be, therefore, the floating and independent vote. This is the minority, but it is the element that decides elections. But besides this unattached minority, there is often within the party itself a troublesome body of "off horses," which is roundly cursed as impracticable and "sore-headed," but which, nevertheless, must be considered. Mr. CLAY did not write his Texas letter for the mass of regular Whigs, but for the slavery minority—for those who were not thick-and-thin CLAY men. It did not save him; but that was because of another minority, the Liberty party in New York. The trouble was that Mr. CLAY tried to propitiate the wrong minority. But the endeavor showed his consciousness that it was not enough to rely merely upon the "regular" vote. Candidates, indeed, are advised not to write letters, but it is certain that disregard of the minority produces Liberty parties within every party. The reason is that the policy advocated by the Buffalo *Express* leads to mere personal politics, to which the real interests and aims of the party are sacrificed. It leads to nominations which have no root in public character and ability and service, but which are the result of skillful intrigue, and which represent the party merely. The consequence of this is two-fold: the minority outside judges the party by its candidates, and seeing from them that it has become the agency of a ring, votes against it upon general principles; while the minority within the party is forced to consider whether under such conditions the party is still the best means of political action. When it decides that it is not, it either sets up for itself, like the Liberty party, or connives at defeat by "staying at home." This situation was illustrated by the Democratic nomination of Mr. GREELEY. The nomination was "regular," and the minority was overborne; but it "staid at home" from the polls, and the party defeat was complete. Mr. BAYARD protested for the minority against the nomination. He has been ever since a good representative of the minority of his party; and, as the Buffalo *Express* would say, he has been always forced to march in the GREELEY procession of victors. But if the Democratic minority had been more heeded, would not Democratic prospects have been very much brighter?

The STRAFFORD policy of "thorough," the *Express* will remember, was very fine, but it did not save the king's head. Summary suppression of a party minority destroys parties, however compact and enthusiastic the body that remains may be. When this shall cease to be true, the republic will end, because public spirit will have been extinguished by party spirit. It is true that in a republic the majority must rule, and that the vote of a majority in the party must decide party action. That is incontestable. Under this plea, Mr. DOUGLAS used to say that the majority of the settlers in a Territory must decide whether or not slavery should be established there. But the Republicans answered that although the majority had the legal power, it had not the moral right to establish slavery. So within a party, within the Republican party of New York, considering its real national ends, and the necessity of a party to secure those ends, and the vital importance of New York in the next Presidential election, the party majority in a Convention is morally bound to consider not only what it can do, but what it ought to do. To plead the mere fact of a majority as a reason for suppressing a minority is to make the old plea of tyranny everywhere. Then shall the minority dictate? Not at all. But its counsels should be heard and heeded, not suppressed. If Mr. JOHN KELLY could really speak for that fraction of the Democratic State vote which he represents, and whose diversion or abstention would certainly defeat his party, when he declares that he would bolt Governor ROBINSON's renomination, it would be wise for the Democratic Convention to consider carefully whether, upon the whole, it should renominate Governor ROBINSON. In every voluntary association like a political party a minority of intelligent and independent men hold the power, and it is certainly the height of folly for a party majority, which is very far from being a majority of the voters, to compel them to use it. But that is the direct tendency of the theory that the Republican machine in this State is too lenient with the minority. It is the machine, not the opposition to it, which threatens Republican ascendency in New York. So long as it is evident to the Republican minority that a great public purpose can be gained by the party, despite the performances of the machine, the minority will undoubtedly march in Mr. CONKLING's procession, or in that of any other leader. But when it sees that this has become impossible, it will take the course of the Liberty party men in 1844, and of the Conscience Whigs in 1852, and leave the machine to grind its own stones for grist.

YELLOWPLUSH.

IN the *Book of Snobs* we read: "First the World was made; then, as a matter of course, Snobs: they existed for years and years, were no more known than America." Can it be that now, in the fullness of time, they are known *in* America? Yet for whom else can the daily information from the summer resorts be intended? We read in reports from those delightful retreats that Mr. and Mrs. A. yesterday entertained Mr. and Mrs. B. at dinner, and that Mr. and Mrs. C., Mr. and Mrs. D., Mr. and Mrs. E., Mr., Mrs., and Miss F., Mrs. G., Mr. H., Mr. and Mrs. I., Mr. J., and Mr. and Mrs. K. were invited to meet them. We are informed, also, that Mrs. X. has issued cards for a garden party on Thursday next, and that Mr. and Mrs. Y. have invitations out for a ball on the 32d inst. We read further that yesterday Mrs. and Miss Z. gave a charming *thé dansant*, and among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. M., Mr., Mrs., and the Misses N., Mr. O., Mrs. P., Miss Q., the Messrs. R., Mrs. S., Mr. and Mrs. T., Mrs. U., Mr. and Mrs. V., Mr. and Miss W., and many others. Also, that last evening Mrs. L. entertained at dinner Mr. and Mrs. M., Mr., Mrs., and the Misses N., Mr. O., Mrs. P., Miss Q., the Messrs. R., and Miss W. It is further announced that Lord Thomas Noddy and his governess have taken rooms at the Behemoth, that Mr. and Mrs. G. have arrived at their villa on Pacific Avenue, and that it is understood that Mrs. J. will soon issue invitations for a lawn and yacht party, which it is confidently expected will be one of the most *recherché* affairs of this brilliant season.

For whom is this kind of information intended? Who read it, and who are interested in it? If there were an American court and nobility and social caste, whose members were familiarly known by name, as the English and Continental nobility are, the same enlightened curiosity which attracts the street boys to stare at guests going to a royal drawing-room might lead to the perusal of this information. Or if the excellent Mr. and Mrs. A., Mrs. B., Miss C., Mr. D., Mr., Mrs., and the Misses E., Mr. and Mrs. F., Mr. and Mrs. G., and Mr. and Mrs. X., Y., and Z. were celebrated public characters of any kind, there would be an intelligible interest in their lives and daily conduct. But the good people of whom we read are wholly private persons, and their names have no more meaning to the reader than the letters of the alphabet. Their lawn and garden parties, and dinners and dancing teas, and matinées in the afternoon, are unquestionably brilliant and delightful, but so are such parties delightful in Chicago and Charleston and Bangor, but their privacy is respected. There may be two hundred thousand readers of the paper which contains this intelligence, but not a thousand ever heard of Mr. and Mrs. X., or can possibly have any interest in the fact that they entertained Mr. and Mrs. Y. at dinner yesterday evening, or have invited Mr. and Mrs. Z. to lunch to-morrow morning.

Now these papers understand their business, and there must be, therefore, a demand for this information. First the world, then snobs. Is plush, after all, an American wear? Are we all in large part flunkies, and imitative flunkies besides? If it be snobbish for John Bull to record and to read with reverence that yesterday morning the Princess Caniguuda took pony exercise upon the slopes, what is it in Jonathan to record and read with satisfaction that Mrs. A. yesterday asked Mrs. B. to tea? The historian of snobs would have probably classified the American species as interesting and perfect specimens of second-rate snobbery—that kind which, not having a real aristocracy to study and enjoy, is content with an imitation. If THACKERAY thought that a king might be a snob, what would he have thought of an American youth whose sole ambition is to imitate Lord Verisopht? Above all, what would he have thought of those who read of such imitations with avidity? "My young friend," said the original American Jenkins to us a great many years ago, "remember that the thing in which people are profoundly interested is people." The most grotesque confirmation of his remark is eager interest in the fact that somebody we never heard of gave a garden party to other persons equally unknown.

THE PEOPLE *VERSUS* THE POLITICIANS.

There has been the usual monthly misstatement of the betrayal of reform by the President. This time it was a story that he approved the revival of the State associations among the department clerks in Washington for the sake of political activity. It was published one day, and it was denied the next day in detail. These associations were powerful party organizations which had a commanding influence upon appointments. They were one of the Protean forms of the abuse which is fast coming to be considered to be what it is, the most radical evil in our political system. The officers of these associations were in collusion with members of Congress to secure appointments and to coerce the Executive, and the President's first civil service order put an end to the mischief. This order is still criticised as an outrageous interference with the political rights of citizens. But the most outrageous interference with the rights of citizens is that which the order prohibits. The prostitution of patronage to the personal and party ends of those who control it is a monstrous outrage upon the public service, upon public officers, and upon all good citizens. This is the infamous system at which the President's order struck. Mr. Conkling's Rochester platform of 1877 insinuated that the order abridged the proper rights of citizens. But it is not a right of any citizen to use the pecuniary power of a public position to further the ends of politicians or cliques, and it is the duty of the Chief Executive to prevent such an abuse by every proper means. Were the civil service based, as it should be, upon proved merit, a prohibitory order would be superfluous, because the patronage could not be so abused. But while the system depends so largely upon the Executive will, it is that will alone which can restrain the abuse.

It is abstractly true that a man who is appointed to office in any department of the government ought not to lose any political rights thereby, and that every American citizen ought to take an active interest in politics. But it is equally true that no citizen holding an office with patronage ought to use that patronage for any purpose whatever but the advantage of the public service. No officer who has so used it can complain that his rights have been affected by the prohibition. And while it is true that a general prohibition may touch some who have not offended, it is enough that such a prohibition is the only practicable present remedy. The line can not be more truly drawn than in the order of Albert Gallatin when Secretary of the Treasury, which Mr. Jefferson heartily approved, but did not authorize the Secretary to issue. After saying that no man should be appointed or dismissed because of his political opinions, Mr. Gallatin continued:

> "Permit me, since I have touched this topic, to add that whilst freedom of opinion and freedom of suffrage at public elections are considered by the President as imprescriptible rights, which, possessing as citizens, you can not have lost by becoming public officers, he will regard any exercise of official influence to restrain or control the same rights in others as injurious to that part of the public administration which is confided to your care, and practically destructive of the fundamental principles of a republican Constitution."

We have known an office-holding delegate to a Convention to be told by his superior that if he took a certain course he should lose his place. That was causing a man to lose as an officer the imprescriptible right which he possessed as a citizen; and it is that wrong, which in its various aspects is so extensive, that the President's order corrects. The thing to complain of is not such an order, but any hesitation in its enforcement.

OUR SUCCESS AT PARIS.

Mr. McCormick, the Commissioner-General of the United States at the Paris Exhibition of last year, has contributed to the *North American Review* a general summary of results, and his statement, which he calls "Our Success at Paris," is very creditable to American enterprise. Measured, indeed, by what we might have done, as Mr. McCormick says, the display was inadequate, but as an impromptu exhibition it was very satisfactory. It was impromptu because Congress delayed too long its acceptance of the French invitation, but it was satisfactory because the Yankee is always equal to an emergency. The bulk of material was twice as large as that sent to the Paris Exhibition in 1867, or to that at Vienna in 1873. In 1867 at Paris there were 700 American exhibitors; in 1878 there were 1200. In 1867 there were 291 awards, and in 1878 there were 853. In 1867 the total number of gold medals granted to the United States was 78; in 1878 the number was 140, exclusive of eight "grand prizes" of unusual size to Mr. Edison and others.

Mr. McCormick treats in detail some of the more striking departments of the American exhibitors. Our pictures were considered excellent, but curiously lacking in distinctive American character. The silver-ware of Tiffany & Co., of New York, was admitted to be the finest display of its kind in the Exhibition, and no department excited more interest among French craftsmen than that of the American Watch Company at Waltham. The educational division, under the charge of Dr. John D. Philbrick, was very rich and complete, consisting of models of school buildings and furniture and apparatus, the work of scholars; copious collections of school-books in every grade, and reports and documents of every kind.

The most various and interesting machinery was, of course, very prominent in the American department, and Madame Thiers, being invited to select a memento of her visit, chose two fine hatchets of the Douglass Company, of Boston. For agricultural implements the honors were taken easily by the Americans, with Mr. Cyrus H. McCormick and Walter A. Wood at the head. The inventions of Mr. Edison and Mr. Gray commanded universal attention and admiration. The highest prize for cotton was awarded to the Memphis Cotton Exchange for a bale of short staple upland raised by William Taylor, of Arkansas. The United States made a close contest for the grand prize for wool, which went finally to Australia. Grain and wine from the Pacific coast, drawings of great engineering works, maps and charts, paper, railway cars and apparatus, carriages of every kind, post-office lock boxes, canned meats and fruits, lard, glass-ware, oil-cloths, were all among the striking and successful contributions. At the close of the Exhibition the decoration of the various degrees of the Legion of Honor was bestowed upon twenty American gentlemen officially connected with the display, and there was no whisper of any such scandals as disgraced the American part in the Vienna Exhibition in 1873. Many of the exhibitors have already found the commercial advantage of their trouble. Mr. McCormick makes a very agreeable and flattering report of our success, to which doubtless his own courteous superintendence largely contributed.

MR. GARRISON AND MR. PHILLIPS.

The children of Mr. Garrison have issued a memorial of their father, containing the discourses spoken at his funeral. The little book is prefaced with a photographic engraving in profile of the bust of Mr. Garrison by Miss Whitney. It is a singularly characteristic and admirable portrait, seeming to express the man more fully than his own face did. The gracious urbanity which was as marked in him as his uncompromising courage is very obvious in the portrait, with the grim earnestness under it which made him the leader that he was. It is agreeable to remark how instantly and fully Mr. Garrison's claim to a place among the most eminent Americans has been acknowledged. So great a reaction of feeling is perhaps unprecedented within so short a time. The term Garrisonian was an epithet of contempt and dishonor from which most persons recoiled, but which has now come to distinguish the especially American movement of his time.

Mr. Phillips's discourse at the funeral, which has been widely printed, and which is an admirable illustration of his genius, contains one passage which is perfectly characteristic of the spirit of the abolition crusade. Its leaders have been accused of intolerance and bitterness and vituperation, and of every excess of language and thought and purpose. But emancipation was especially a revolution which rose-water could not accomplish; and if the tone of its advocates was uncompromising and aggressive, and if their denunciation was unsparing, certainly they did not denounce more fiercely than they were denounced, nor attack more savagely than they were attacked. If the decent men in Yazoo County, in Mississippi, mean to save their community from anarchy, they can do it only by showing the conviction and the aggressive courage of the Abolitionists whose name they hate. The Abolitionists took not only reputation but life in their hands, and were prepared, with Luther, to go on, although all the tiles should start up as devils to stay them.

The passage to which we refer as illustrating the uncompromising quality of the Garrisonian spirit is that in which Mr. Phillips speaks of the church in which the services were held. It had been kindly granted by the society, whose courtesy was fitly acknowledged by Mr. May, and that consideration under the circumstances would have restrained an ordinary orator. But Mr. Phillips was there to tell the truth of his friend, who never hesitated to tell the whole truth plainly, and he said, quietly and simply, when speaking of the hostility of the church to the antislavery movement: "The very pulpit where I stand saw this apostle of liberty and justice sore beset, always in great need, and often in deadly peril; yet it never gave him one word of approval or sympathy." It seemed uncourteous; but if the Abolition leaders had staid to be polite, their work would have been undone. In saying this Mr. Phillips had no ungracious purpose. He was only using a striking illustration of a historical fact, and in so doing he vividly illustrated the spirit and method of the great agitation. It was not unkindly said; and what a tribute to the great agitator are the true and tender words of the orator: "Malignity searched him with candles from the moment he uttered that God-given solution of the problem to the moment when he took the hand of the nation and wrote out the statute that made it law. Malignity searched those forty years with candles, and yet even malignity has never lisped a suspicion, much less a charge—never lisped a suspicion of anything mean, dishonorable, dishonest."

DEAN STANLEY AND THE FRENCH PRINCE.

Our last year's guest, Dean Stanley, is severely criticised by friendly papers in England for permitting the erection of a memorial in Westminster Abbey to the son of Louis Napoleon. The Dean is virtually the sovereign guardian of that British Walhalla. He alone may decide what hero, or statesman, or poet, or famous man, shall be admitted to its honors; and he is besought to remember that the Abbey is not Madame Tussaud's museum. The truth is that the Dean is made to serve as scape-goat for the folly of the British "slopping over" about the unhappy young Frenchman. If a young Englishman had fallen at the head of a heroic charge in a glorious war, he could hardly have been more bewailed, or buried with more solemn distinction, than the French Prince. The Queen, the cabinet, the press, all united in so loud a pæan over the young man's bier that Dean Stanley might well have thought that if indifferent poets have been admitted to the Abbey, a hero whom all England, from the highest to the lowest, tenderly mourned, ought not to be excluded.

The Dean is snubbed as a "courtier," and as having reflected in his decision the preferences of the palace. But the recent outburst of the country seems to show "the courtier" quite as much as the act of the Dean, and the courtier of a very poor court. The Dean has undoubtedly made a mistake, but no more of a mistake than the rest have made. Here was the grandnephew, not of an ordinary royal line, but of a Corsican lieutenant who "waded through slaughter to a throne." The young man went under English auspices to seek an opportunity to gain notoriety to help him in his political designs in France, and he was barbarously killed. It was a sad event, and fatal to the plans of the French politicians who hoped to use him. But why should England have lamented as if it had lost another Black Prince? Dean Stanley's permission to erect a memorial to him in Westminster Abbey was the logical conclusion of the whole matter.

The event is really illustrative of that increased sense of regal importance which has been fostered by the Beaconsfield *régime*, and which has apparently affected the national feeling for the Queen. A shrewd observer, writing to the *Nation*, says that the result will be probably a stricter limitation of monarchical authority. The Prince of Wales will be taught that the condition of being treated as a real king is to remember that he is not a real king. It will be remarkable if the ascendency of Beaconsfield, like that of Bute, should turn out to be essentially revolutionary.

"THE WORKER."

The first number of a neat and attractive paper called *The Worker* has been issued, "published by Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson; Rev. R. Heber Newton, editor." The names are the guarantees of liberality and intelligence and a truly Christian spirit. The paper itself is the sign and the aid of a practical effort for co-operative colonization as one effective method of dealing with the question of labor and capital, or "Socialism." One of the worst ways of meeting that very imperative and unavoidable question is wholesale denunciation and ridicule. There may be a great many demagogues among the leaders of strikes and of the labor agitation, but there are very many more honest working-men who are seriously and naturally dissatisfied with their situation. There may be plenty of ignorance and folly in strikes, and lock-outs, and trades-unions, and other devices of relief, but there is no doubt whatever of immense wretchedness to be relieved.

For some time there have been consultations upon the subject among intelligent and practical persons, and the result is the formation of a modest society of a few persons, whose names attest their earnestness and sagacity, to promote in every practical way the emigration of the unemployed in the cities into the country. Undoubtedly it is a project in which those who are most concerned are least interested. A primary object of the society, therefore, is to awaken and educate interest by meetings, and lectures, and handbills, and personal intercourse. Even those who have the interest do not know where to find information, and the society will therefore furnish at its central office, 25 Cooper Union, such trustworthy information as may be desired.

The first number of *The Worker* discusses, among other things, the economical and social advantages of association in agriculture. The fundamental and universal pursuit is that which has been least affected by scientific progress, and its isolated system is one of its chief drawbacks. But co-operation in colonization is not Communism, while the economy and benefit of associated work are established and unquestionable. The enterprise of which *The Worker* is a part is most interesting and important. It aims at charity in its truest form—that of assistance to intelligent self-help—and we hope that this mention of the paper will lead many inquirers to the publication office, 1455 Broadway, for fuller information.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Edward L. Pierce will probaby complete his biography of Charles Sumner on a scale smaller than was originally contemplated. During his recent visit to England and the Continent he gathered considerable material for the work.

—Mr. Judah P. Benjamin's latter-day career is even more remarkable than when he was a conspicuous figure in the Senate of the United States, and afterward as Secretary of State of the Confederate States. His flight from Georgia in an open boat to Nassau, with a single ten-dollar gold piece, in 1865, is in strong contrast with his present position and surroundings. He has just purchased a beautiful residence in Paris for $60,000, which sum, it is said, does not exceed one-half his yearly income from his practice in the highest courts of Great Britain. He retains in a remarkable degree the youthfulness and vivacity of his younger years, and is as genial and witty in social life as he is able and successful at the bar.

—The Pope is making himself master of everything and everybody about him, and sets about it with great vigor and directness. He has taken great precautions to secure the privacy of his room, where he remains hours in study, and it is reported that his study refers to a complete reform in ecclesiastical organization, and also to the manner of determining an action of Catholic forces in political struggles, how far Catholics may participate in these, and the cases when they may or may not participate in them. Cardinal Pecci, the Pope's brother, is his faithful companion in this work, and the cardinal is in constant communication with the leaders of the conservative party. The Pope does not receive in the room where he studies, as Pius IX. used to do. His brother alone is allowed admittance during his study hours, and when he leaves his room he locks it with his own hand, and keeps the key. He is present while the room is being put in order, and he seems impatient if the servant loiters during this. He rises at five o'clock in the morning, and at six o'clock he is at his writing-table, where he remains five hours without interruption.

—Mr. William H. Vanderbilt emulates the wise liberality of his father by giving $100,000 to Vanderbilt University, in Tennessee, for the erection of a gymnasium and of a civil engineering and scientific hall.

—General Robert Toombs, when attending a few days ago a meeting of trustees of the University of Georgia, said to a friend: "I have travelled 1500 miles to attend this meeting, so anxious am I to be on hand. This is a long way for a fellow to come who was expelled from the college when a boy." It was for a fist fight with a comrade.

—The late Baron Rothschild left $10,000 to George Fordham, his favorite jockey, and an annuity of $1500 for the rest of his life.

—The Democrats of Philadelphia are said to have proffered the nomination for Mayor of that city to William V. McKean, the editor of the *Ledger*. Mr. McKean begged to be excused. His present position, and the warm personal attachment existing between Mr. Childs, the proprietor of the *Ledger*, and himself, are not only more agreeable, but the editorship is more important and responsible than any municipal distinction that Philadelphia could confer. It is not too much to say that of the managing editors of the leading journals of the United States, Mr. McKean's position has by far the most independent and agreeable surroundings.

—Prince Bismarck is not an overpaid man. His salary as Prime Minister and as Chancellor of the Empire is only $13,500. The highest salary of a Prussian cabinet minister is $9000.

—Mr. Gladstone has been saying another good word for us. At the opening of a recent Art Exhibition, at Chester, he said that when America learned to trust entirely to her own splendid natural resources, the great genius of her people, and their marvellous proficiency in the adaptation of labor-saving appliances, in which she was at the head of the world, she would be a formidable competitor with the English manufacturer.

—The father of W. S. Gilbert, the dramatist, has just burst into a full-blown author, beginning to write novels and stories at the mature age of sixty. This is, perhaps, the only instance on record of inheriting intellectual gifts backward, as in all probability had not Gilbert the son been successful in literature, Gilbert the father would have continued to live the life of an independent gentleman without dreaming of the latent fiction that was in him.

—Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, speaking in his quaint way of N. P. Willis's Biblical poetry, says that "he sauntered about the sacred places in a domino, which was mistaken for the prophetic mantle."

—Mr. D. O. Mills, one of the leading bankers of California, thinks of abandoning the Pacific slope, and becoming a resident of New York. He says he is "tired of living in San Francisco, where a man is set down as a thief because he has been successful." He is one of the Mills that "grind slowly, but exceeding fine."

—S. S. Foss, for forty years editor of the Woonsocket (Rhode Island) *Patriot*, who died a few days since, was the first man to apply steam to printing in Rhode Island, and besides being a practical printer, was a man of literary and poetic talent.

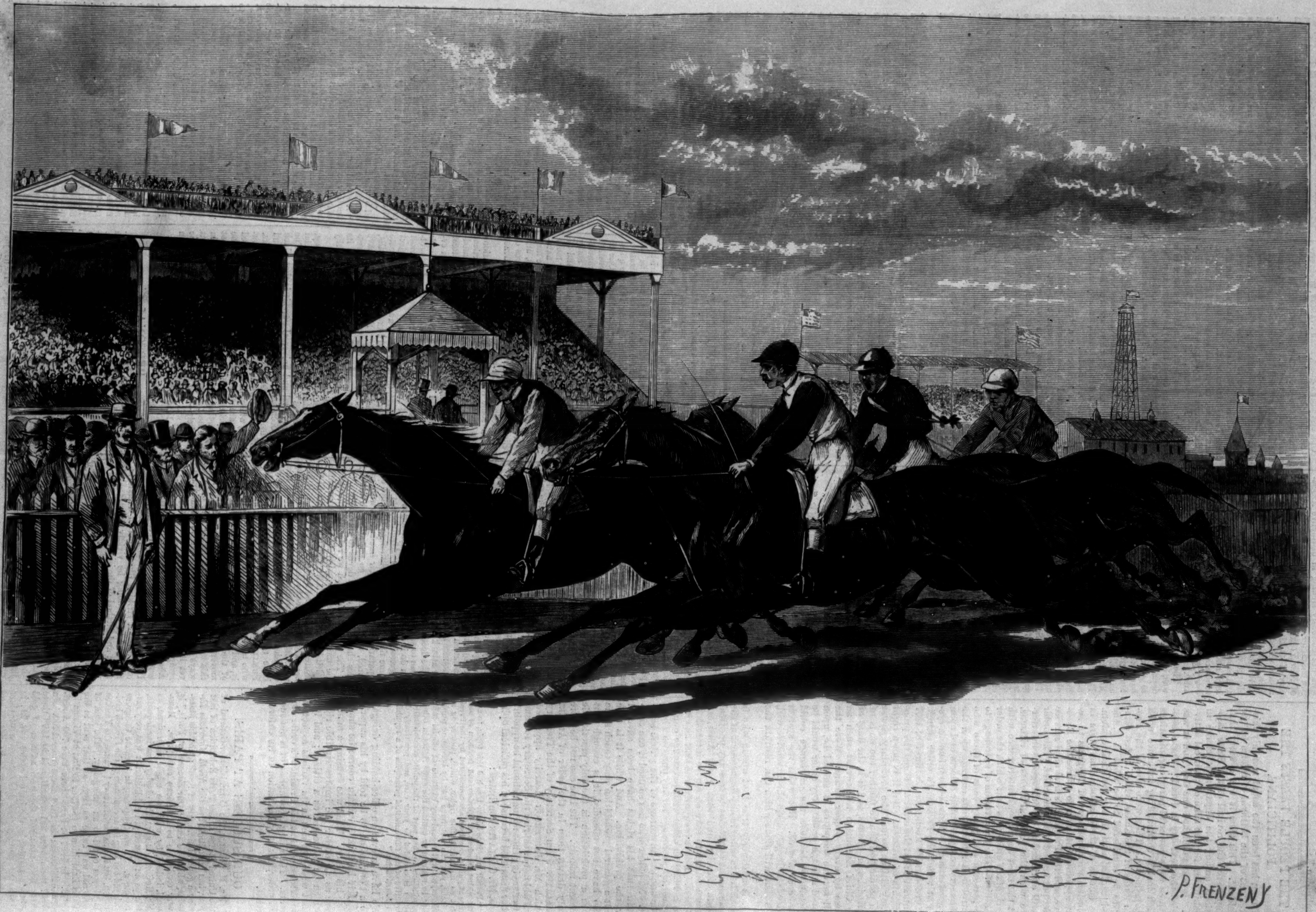
—General Di Cesnola is heartily complimented by the London *Art Journal*, which says of his election to the directorship of our Museum that "it would have been impossible to have found another so eminently fitted for the due discharge of many onerous and important duties. If we are to congratulate the general on his appointment, we are surely bound to say it is no less fortunate for the country of his adoption. In all respects he is the right man in the right place."

—Sturdy Sojourner Truth, now one hundred and three years old, is on her way to Kansas, where she is glad to see her race going. She believes that in the West, on farms of their own, the Southern negroes will acquire a self-reliance, thrift, and strength of character impossible to them in their present position in the South.

—Of Mlle. Minnie Hauk's Elsa, the *Examiner*, of London, says that in studying the part she had the assistance of the renowned Hans Richter, and her impersonation has elicited the highest encomiums from Wagner himself.

—The daughter of Thomas Cole, the artist, paints beautifully on china.

—Mr. Alma Tadema has just finished a picture entitled "The Invocation of Ceres." It illustrates that charming custom among the ancient Italians which Virgil describes in a famous passage of his first Eclogue. The corn fields in the background are still green, and the priestesses of Ceres leave their temple to celebrate in the meadows the opening of summer. Their irregular procession hastens down a hollow, deeply starred with anemones; in the immediate foreground two girls, the one fair and garlanded with white flowers, the other dark and crowned with purple flowers, have gained a slight eminence, and pause to strike their uplifted tambourines. Behind them their sisters rush, breathless but shouting, with flowing garments and outspread arms; a male figure to the right advances with a silver amphora of wine.



THE BRIGHTON BEACH FAIR GROUNDS, CONEY ISLAND.—DRAWN BY P. FRENZENY.—[SEE PAGE 687.]

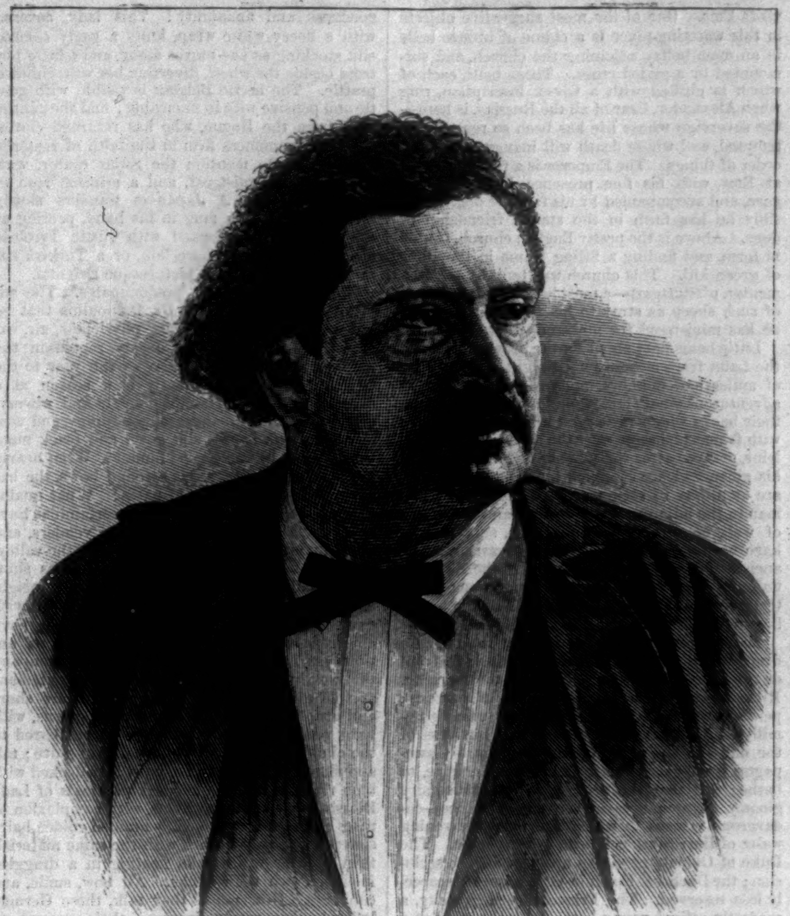
CHARLES ALBERT FECHTER.

It is given to few actors to achieve reputation or fame beyond where their own language is spoken. This, however, was what **Fechter** emphatically did. The force of his talent and the magnetism of his presence seemed to exercise an equal effect whether he addressed an English-speaking audience in his peculiar foreign accent, or played before a French house in what might be called his own vernacular. Indeed, it is a difficult matter to determine to just what country **Fechter** did belong, or what language was his own. Born in London, and the child of a German father and an English mother, he was taken to France almost in his infancy, and there remained until he had grown into manhood. The French idiom and accent were therefore most natural to him; but his long residence in England, and his choice of an American home wherein to end his days, seem to destroy the right of any land to claim him especially as her own.

Of **Fechter**'s boyhood and early youth little is known; but he was liberally educated, his studies including painting, music, and sculpture, and in each of these accomplishments he was more than commonly proficient. His début upon the stage was made in 1844, when he was just twenty years of age, and in appearance he is described as "a picture of manly and intellectual beauty. Already he was known to society as a bright, brilliant conversationalist, and although too young to be much thought of as a club man, it was thoroughly understood that **Fechter** neither gave nor received insults, but regarded himself with great respect. His first character was Seide, in which he had the assistance and support of **Rebecca Felix**, **Rachel**'s sister. It can not be reported that Mr. **Fechter** was an immediate success, or that his career was a continuous triumph. The young man was very opinionated, and having once avowed a position, could with great difficulty only be induced to change it. He was very self-reliant, and this trait led him into collisions that resulted in snubs and mortifications. Something kept him up, however, and a fortunate slip of the noted critic **Janin** brought **Fechter**'s wit and power of repartee into more general notice, which in time was of great service to him. On one occasion, through an unaccountable mistake, **Fechter**'s name was billed for two parts, on the interpretation of which Mr. **Jules Janin**, who was intensely annoyed at the personal independence of the young actor, wrote, without having seen the plays, a scathing criticism, in which he was especially severe on **Fechter**, who, though billed, did not play; whereupon **Fechter** wrote **Janin** an open letter, which was published in all the papers:

> "**Dear Janin**,—Your criticism is excellent; true in every particular, except in attributing the acting of Curiace and Dorante to me. I performed in neither part.
> **Fechter**."

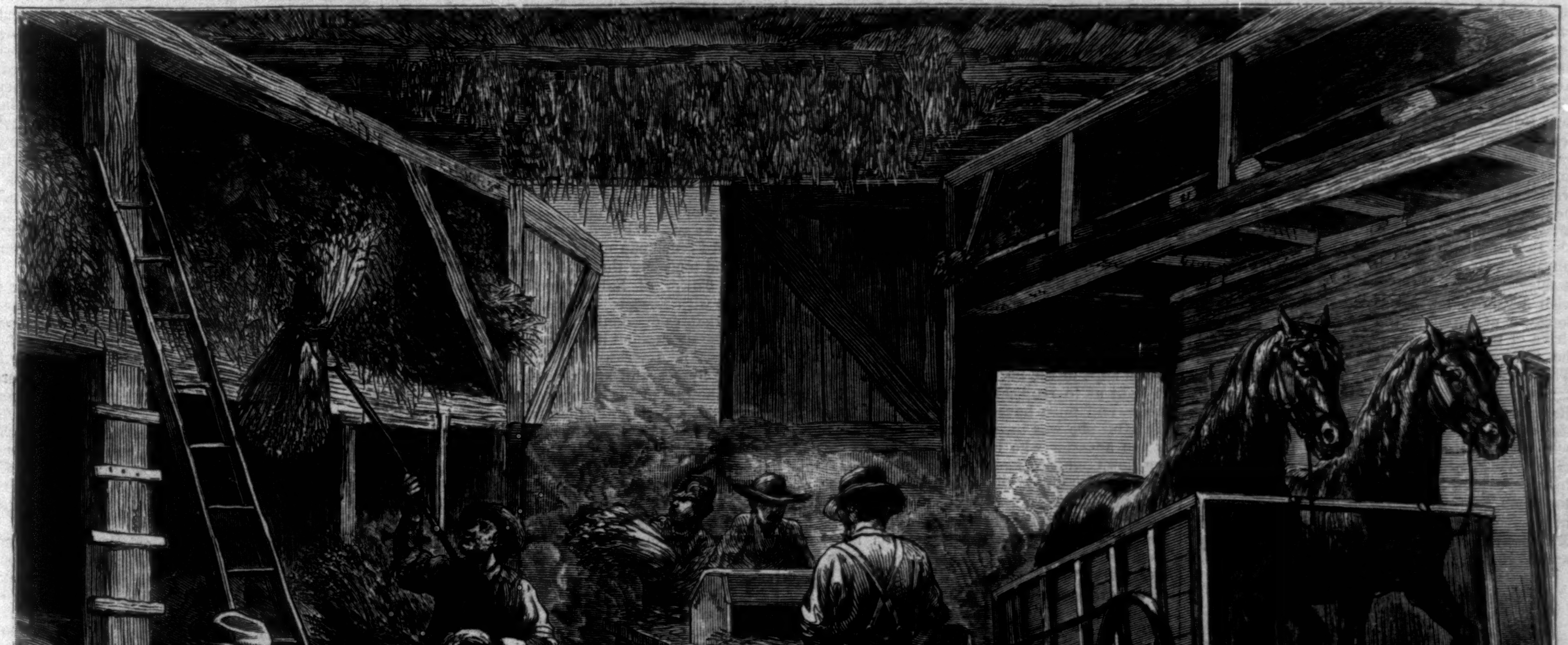
The effect in gay, mercurial, repartee-loving Paris may be imagined, and **Janin** not only never forgave **Fechter** for the ridicule thus thrust upon him, but he never forgot the justice of the sting, and vowed that he would never again criticise a play he had not seen.



CHARLES ALBERT FECHTER.—Photographed by Sarony.

Fechter's début as an English actor was made in London on the 20th of October, 1860, and from that date his name was connected almost solely with the stage of England and that of the United States. The "polyglot actor" had already won considerable reputation by his rendering of English *rôles* in Paris before this venture was made. On the occasion mentioned he appeared at the Princess's Theatre as Ruy Blas, in a version of **Victor Hugo**'s drama arranged by **Edmund Falconer**. His success was instantaneous, and in the final act he roused the audience to a high state of excitement. To quote from the London *Times*: "M. **Fechter** had the audience completely in his power, and could do with them what he pleased." In the following year **Fechter** played Don Cesar de Bazan at the same theatre—a character in which, although inferior to the great **Lemaître**, and less effective than J. W. **Wallack**, he created a very vivid impression; his treatment, moreover, was pronounced, on the whole, as more natural than that of either of the other gentlemen. His next great part was Hamlet, which he presented in such an original manner that the conservatives were shocked, and it must be confessed that they have since scarcely recovered their full measure of breath. "M. **Fechter** does not act; he is Hamlet," declared the *Times*, and other authorities agreed with the great English journal. But still, on the whole, though this Hamlet was the sensation of the hour, it did not please the majority of theatre-goers. As Othello, in which he appeared in 1861, he was far less successful. A fine and discriminating notice of this performance was written by Mr. **Lewes**, who pointed out, with great clearness, the glaring faults of this impersonation. **Fechter**'s Othello, in a few words, was a poetic conception reduced to a familiar type, and as such could not fail to displease those accustomed to the more lofty creation.

In 1869 Mr. **Fechter** was induced to make a visit to this country. On the 10th of January of the next year he made his first appearance as Hamlet at Niblo's Garden, then under the direction of Messrs. **Jarrett** & **Palmer**. A few evenings previous he attended a performance of Hamlet by **Edwin Booth** at the latter's own theatre. Occupying the right-hand proscenium box, he made himself so conspicuous by his liberal applause as to attract great attention, and at one time every opera-glass in the house seemed to be levelled at him. It has been said that **Fechter** did not act Hamlet, but was Hamlet. He certainly gave a most original conception of the physique of the "melancholy Dane" when he introduced him in a long blonde wig and a profusion of flaxen hair, in which he out-Germanized the German conception itself. Thousands flocked to see his Hamlet as a curiosity. Men who admired the sturdy purpose of the Prince as shown by **Forrest**, his gentle demeanor and scholarly bearing as pictured by **Davenport**, and his half-mad, half-sick plaint as wailed by **Booth**, were disposed to sit and study this curious creature with long light locks and staring eyes and comical patois as taught by **Fechter**. But while it was easy enough to mock at oddities and carp at the infelicities of his tongue, it was impossible to follow his reading without delight. The intense and unmistakable sorrow that he displayed exceeded every demonstration of the kind that we have ever seen. The soliloquy on death was admirably spoken, and in fact all his soliloquies were in the finest taste, and extorted the admiration of the most judicious. Through the predominance given to the meditative element they acquired a very remarkable character, elaborated at a vast expense of thought, with their delivery marked by the subtlest variations. His Hamlet was a thoroughly polite and conservative Prince, as was beautifully shown in his treatment of the players, his delicate banterings with Ophelia, and



HARVEST-TIME.—Drawn by W. M. Cary.

even in the quiet dignity with which he bore the garrulous interruptions of old Polonius. Whether it would be fair to measure Fechter's Hamlet by an exact English standard or not is an open question. He certainly did not speak the English language as it should be spoken, and on that critics might find ground for standing, but he made more of Shakspeare than many a native English actor could, and his name must in fairness always rank far up among those who illustrated Shakspeare best.

Fechter was a man that in the beginning possessed great advantages in the way of physical beauty; but as he advanced toward middle life he was much annoyed by a tendency to stoutness, which interfered with his conception of ideal and romantic characters. Of accidents, too, he seemed to receive more than his share. In 1875 he sustained two severe injuries, which it was thought at the time would put an end to his acting. The first and severest was received in Cincinnati. In the month of February he was thrown against his carriage step, receiving a sharp cut in the leg. A tendon was severed, and for a time it was feared the leg would have to undergo amputation. But he had a magnificent constitution and a powerful will, and soon he was on the stage again. In November of the same year he was acting in the Walnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia. The play was *No Thoroughfare*. The second act was on, the scene being the wine-seller's vault. Part of the machinery consisted of a rickety platform, fifteen feet from the floor of the stage. Upon this he stepped, and no sooner had it received the weight of his body than it went crashing down, carrying him with it in the centre of a mass of débris. Only his great agility and his skill in gymnastics saved him from what would probably have been injuries that would have ended his stage career forever. As it was, he struck on his feet, and being a heavy man, the shock was severe. His spine was injured, and he was hurt internally, but, worse than all, his shin-bone was splintered, and the old wound he had received in Cincinnati torn open afresh. Despite his sufferings, he continued playing for a few nights longer, when the injuries grew worse, and the pain so severe that he had to throw up his engagement. The injured leg was a source of great trial to him all his subsequent life.

Last October Fechter started out to play engagements in various cities. He opened in Baltimore, and from thence moved northward, playing in the Middle and New England States. During all this time his health was gradually failing, and toward the end of the season he was scarcely able to fulfill his engagements. Finally, however, they terminated in Boston, where, on the last night that he played, his sufferings were so apparent that the audience noticed them. Among those in the house was General Banks, a great friend of Fechter. After the play the General advised him to cease acting, for a time at least, and recuperate. Fechter was induced to accept this sensible advice, and retired to the farm that he had purchased at Quakertown, Pennsylvania. Here he spent the winter, but the rest and recuperation seemed only to prolong his life, and not to furnish ground for hopes of final recovery. Fechter saw little of his neighbors, but it was remarked that his health was failing. "I went away four weeks ago," said a gentleman living directly across the road from Fechter's house, "and I didn't expect to see him alive when I came back." For several months the state of the actor's health was such that he was obliged to keep closely to the house, sometimes not venturing out of doors for weeks at a time. When he did appear, it would be for only a few minutes. Latterly he walked with great difficulty, always leaning heavily on a cane. On the morning of Monday, August 4, Fechter's physician, Dr. Pancoast, of Philadelphia, received a telegram from Mrs. Fechter imploring him to visit her husband. Dr. Pancoast reached Quakertown at seven in the evening, but it was a drive of three miles to Fechter's home. When he reached there he found him sinking fast. The doctor attempted to revive him by administering stimulants. This was found of no avail. Examination showed that tympanitic swelling of the abdomen had set in, and the doctor saw he was dying. He remained at the bedside until nine o'clock, when, being unable to do anything to relieve him, he left for Quakertown to catch the train for home. When the coachman who had driven the physician to the dépôt returned, Mr. Fechter was dead. He passed away calmly, and, toward the last, without any pain.

JOTTINGS FROM EMS.

[Correspondence of Harper's Weekly.]

The beauty of the Resort.—Visitors from all Lands.—Invalids.—Tower of Babel Pranks.—Typical Soldiers.

Ems, *July* 31, 1879.

The season of 1879 opened at Ems with the usual crowd of visitors. One would imagine from the throng of health-seekers that all Northern Europe lacked a throat. Russia, Holland, England, and Austria jostle each other at those bubbling sources of restoration, the Kesselbrunnen, the Kaiserbrunnen, the Fürstenbrunnen, or the Krackenbrunnen. The Rhineland wears a blooming aspect of summer, the vineyards are of a fresh green, flowers mingle with the hedges, and the castle ruins reveal pale blue sky through their yawning arches and dismantled casements.

Ems partakes of this charm. The hills are richly wooded; the river Lahn wends along between shores connected by bridges, and bordered by chestnut-trees. The line of hotels beneath the rampart of rock begins to shimmer in the sun's rays, while the villas on the opposite bank spread cool awnings above balconies and gardens. Here the Russian church rears its domes like four bubbles—a temple open to those devout Muscovites who desire to pray before the gilded altars, otherwise no service is held except when the Czar visits Ems. One of the most suggestive objects in this watering-place is a chime of bronze bells in an open belfry adjoining the church, and surmounted by a gilded cross. These bells, each of which is girdled with a Greek inscription, ring when Alexander, Czar of all the Russias, is here—the sovereign whose life has been so recently attempted, and whose death will inaugurate a new order of things. The Emperor is a familiar figure at Ems, with his fine presence, his abstracted gaze, and accompanied by his favorite dog. Possibly he has faith in the stanch friendship of dogs. Above is the pretty English church, Gothic in form, and finding a fitting frame in the slope of green hill. This church was built by Mr. Parmenter, of Stuttgart—a most benevolent shepherd of such sheep as stray to his fold, and to whom he has ministered for nine-and-twenty summers.

Little boats dart about on the brown surface of the Lahn from morning until night, while troops of mules and donkeys, gayly caparisoned, invite adventurous young ladies to mount into a seat on their backs which resembles a foot tub trimmed with fringe, and scour over the hills. These Fräuleins, arrayed after the manner of Solomon in all his glory, and accompanied by gallant cavaliers, are at liberty to seek traces of the ancient Roman in the adjacent watch-towers, and fragments of wall, bordered by white thorn, supposed to have been planted by that valiant warrior. The ancient Roman knew Ems, and here the Emperor Caligula was born. Modern generations could teach him nothing, unless it should be the use of brown Windsor soap and the sewing-machine.

To-day both great and small obey the tap of a drum which sounds from a little kiosk in front of the Kursaal at seven o'clock in the morning. Mineral waters are no respecters of persons; perhaps their chief use is to teach princes humility. All emerge for the serious business of the day—to sip water tasting like warm Champagne from glass mugs, to inhale, to gargle, to bathe; and that the process *is* serious sundry gloomy countenances in the crowd evince—cadaverous visages to which the most enlivening waltz of Herr Strauss fails to bring a smile. The Duke of Oldenburg stalks apart in august seclusion; the Duchesse Eugénie d'Oldenburg is scarcely less reserved. The Princess Tscherkassky, a modestly attired young lady, under the wing of a stern Danish governess, moves about quietly, with a gleam of Moscow pride, the old Boyar lineage perhaps, in her small gray eye. Royalty of another type is more conspicuous. Ems worships the golden gülden in the annual advent of an Amsterdam banker—a sleek and pudgy man, with blonde whiskers like a Skye terrier, accompanied by women-kind in purple velvet, amber satin, and lace. When these ladies sweep the colonnades with their exquisite draperies, or flash their jewels of fabulous size, the irreverent American tourist is tempted to quote the doggerel about Meinherr Van Dam, who every morning said,

> "I am the richest man in Rotterdam."

Here is a party of Spaniards, the mother in black, olive-tinted, and ample in size, with the aspect of having attained a comfortable maturity on chocolate and garlic; the daughters slender, sallow, dark-eyed, mounted on painfully high heels, whose wardrobe reveals a tropical luxuriance of deep yellows, cerulean blue, vivid scarlet, and pink, all lavishly embroidered with gold braid. Here is a group of sturdy and rosy children guarded by a Friesland nurse in national costume. She is a young girl, exactly similar to a wooden doll in the matter of countenance, short and square in form, wearing a black petticoat, a green table-cloth apparently over her shoulders, and the Friesland head-gear—an inner cap of white muslin, and an overcap, with lace flaps, all secured by means of two gold pins, which adorn her forehead like a ram's horns. The little nurse confronts the stranger mildly and calmly, as if her costume was not in any way unusual. Her throat is encircled by a dozen rows of coral beads, secured by a great gold clasp at the nape of the neck, while her short sleeve is so tight as to render the arm purple below the elbow, and must have been given an additional nip after she was inserted in her bodice. Surely the ancestor who invented national dress in the Low Countries was a raving lunatic. Or was he a woman-hater, who wreaked vengeance on his country-women for all time by rendering them as ugly and uncomfortable as possible? No woman would wear a coal-scuttle on her head from preference; and yet the Dutch matron who discards her metal helmet would be deemed guilty of the gravest impropriety by all the men of her family.

There are three Bath-chairs slowly trundled along a path by porters in blue blouses—that brotherhood of the German spa, with a family resemblance, who observe strangers with a certain good-humored contempt. The occupants of the Bath-chairs are English ladies. The first is a dowager with lavender flowers in her bonnet, large, scornful black eyes, and a lorgnette. She is accompanied by a foreign companion, who singles out strangers for the inspection of peevish invalidism as one would select tidbits for a delicate appetite. Woe be to the hapless one who encounters the haughty stare of the mistress, or the sly, satirical scrutiny of the menial. Each seeks material for acid condemnation, like Podsnap in pronouncing judgment on the world beyond his own hearth-rug. The second Bath-chair contains a young married lady with a sharp nose, and white tulle veil, who scorns the crowd, rigidly intrenching herself behind a large volume of poetry with green covers. She is dutifully escorted by a dejected husband in a tweed suit, with blonde mustache, who evinces that debility in his gait which the climate of Ems is said to induce in the robust, and which usually assumes the form of absence of spinal column. How charming is the face of the third invalid, as it smiles on all the world with the beauty of innate goodness and amiability! This lady, covered with a fleecy white wrap, knits a gayly colored silk stocking as she moves along, and a little boy trots beside the wheel, diverting her with childish prattle. The hectic Belgian is visible, with gentle and pensive wife in mourning; and the gentleman from the Hague, who has returned eleven successive summers firm in the faith of restored health; not to mention the Swiss orator, with lemon-colored waistcoat, and a crimson rose in his button-hole. A Japanese wanders slowly along, with a glass mug in his hand, peering at the little booths stocked with rustic Tyrolese clocks, ivory, Saxon porcelain, or a Turkish bazar, presided over by a picturesque Oriental.

The German element predominates. The admonition of the learned Dr. Dumoulins that he left behind him three great physicians, air, exercise, and diet, must be deeply rooted in the national heart. The holiday of the year to the German household evidently is a season at a favorite spa. Paterfamilias, portly and wheezy, comes hither with materfamilias, dumpy, and usually wearing a brown silk gown and black mantilla. What beaming good humor! What hearty greeting of friends, with profound bows, the hat wrenched entirely off bald pates! What quaint bobbing feminine courtesies! Paterfamilias buys nosegays recklessly of the flower venders, and sniffs luxuriously at roses and lilies-of-the-valley, with his head thrown back and his eyes shut. Materfamilias surveys the bonnets of her neighbors with a smiling interest wholly untinged with envy, although her own straw hat might have emerged from Noah's ark in the matter of antiquity. Troops of daughters usually accompany this worthy pair, brimming over with excitement at this glimpse of the world. There are short and sturdy maidens in Pompadour gowns, with hard red arms of a serviceable aspect bared to the elbow, and without the usual long glove; tall and slender maidens in Leghorn hats decked with blue ribbons, like the keepsake annuals of Lady Blessington—pretty maidens, with complexion of roses and cream, and meekly braided golden hair; sisters invariably clothed with the same material, twin blue or white veils floating in a draggled fashion down their backs. All bow, smile, and converse. How much they talk, these German ladies! One would imagine their powers of speech had been frozen up all winter, and recently thawed. It is to be hoped their conversation is golden, as their silence would certainly be sometimes at a crowded table d'hôte. Their tones would fail to woo an impartial ear, varying from shrill treble to deep guttural. Certain American enthusiasts maintain that the German language is as musical as it is rich and profound. The ground would be untenable at an Ems hotel, where the word "Ya" acquires fearful prominence, varying from a short sharp utterance, like the bark of a dog, to a snarling drawl similar to the response of a cat. No, no, American enthusiast—a language profound, wise, interesting, if you will, but not harmonious in comparison with the liquid sweetness of Italian or the silvery delicacy of French. The image of a small peasant boy in blue blouse recurs to the writer's mind. The small boy stood in one of the picture-galleries of the Paris Exposition, gaping at a work of art. Two old gentlemen behind him suddenly burst into speech in the harshest of German accents, and the peasant lad, whose experience of life had been limited, cast a terrified glance over his shoulder, as if demanding of his seven senses if these sounds were human. His first impulse evidently was flight, but curiosity and masculine courage restrained him, and he remained rooted to the spot until the unconscious old gentlemen moved away. What description did that undeveloped Frenchman carry back to his native village and monsieur the curé?

The Tower of Babel played most unworthy pranks with Europe. It would seem little to demand that each country should speak the same language throughout its respective territory. Not at all. An American student, thoroughly Teutonized by years of study in Germany, found an unintelligible patois forty miles out of Berlin, while it is a well-established fact that the Breton requires to be recruited by an officer understanding his language; and the company brought to the defense of Paris under General Trochu could neither understand the Parisians whom they desired to defend nor make themselves understood. Austria requires an emperor to speak at least eighteen dialects in his own dominions; and Italy ranges over the widest field of local speech, words changing their very meaning as they filter from Venice, Lombardy, or Piedmont, through pure Tuscan, down to Rome, the Adriatic shore, and Naples.

Oh, for the pencil of a Cruikshank, with which to draw the soldier at Ems! He musters in great force at the spring, where he loses much of the splendor of a body-guard in motion, such as the Bismarck Cuirassiers at Cologne, who awaken the town with their trumpets as they defile past, resplendent in white and steel and gold—warriors of the Lohengrin type. Here the soldier is tall as a crane, with spurs and sabre clanking, a flat cap on his head, his waist tightly belted. He is very short, with a light red collar, stiff epaulets, many buttons to his uniform, and blue spectacles. He is portly and jaunty, in a scarlet coat and top-boots. He is a rigid and wooden-faced hero, in a helmet, with many medals on his breast. He is inspired with the same faith in the Kesselbrunnen, after a winter on guard at Ehrenbreitstein, as the eccentric old lady in a poke-bonnet who gazes affectionately into her glass mug, or the pugnacious old gentleman who sips slowly and impressively, takes a hot bath of a morning, requires the dining-room hermetically sealed while he eats, in dread of draughts, and walks in a garden while rain is falling, without a hat, immediately afterward. Quaint old couples abound, slowly toddling about, arm in arm, and interested in all around them. This is the typical old man in sober raiment and a black silk stock, with large nose, sharp eyes under beetling brows, and face of yellow wax tint, whom one associates with Holbein and Albert Dürer, and this the old lady who must dwell in a sleepy provincial town where the storks build nests on her chimneys.

Many years ago a certain lady, named the Countess of Montijo, accompanied by a beautiful daughter, visited Ems. The royal family of the Comte de Chambord stopped beneath the same roof, the venerable house of the Four Towers. Last year the once brilliant girl, the ex-Empress Eugénie, who had so long occupied the throne of the Legitimist Comte de Chambord, Henri V., returned here, faded, a widow, in search of health. This year telegrams posted in the hotel corridors at Ems announce the death of the Prince Imperial in Zululand. Poor young Prince! whose birth was heralded with such pomp in the Tuileries, whose baptismal font is still treasured in the Vatican, and whose life was so uselessly, even ignominiously, thrown away! Artemis.

PRACTICAL USES OF SEA-WEED.

We are all familiar with the sea-weed which forms a slippery lining to the rocks on the sea-shore at low water, and all of us have gazed with delight down into the clear depths of sea-water where submarine forests wave in their liquid atmosphere, but until recent years nobody thought that these ocean shrubberies were far more valuable than those which flourish on land. Farmers inhabiting patches of fertile soil beside the restless ocean have from time immemorial burned the sea-weed and scattered the ashes over the land for manure; rude nations in scattered colonies have at times been driven to it for subsistence; and lovers of science have plucked it from its native bed to investigate its beautiful structure and classify its almost endless varieties. Such were considered to be the only uses of submarine plants; but the Scotchman who said, in his penuriousness, "Boil stanes wi' butter, an' ye may sup the broo'," was the precursor of a new race of men who, actuated by nature's own principle, sought to utilize everything, however abhorrent and unpromising; and it is to these we owe many of the valuable and wealth-yielding productions for countless generations sealed up in the forests of King Neptune.

Now, however, no longer do we despise the valuable gifts which old Ocean throws ashore after one of his internal storms, but everywhere round our coasts—especially the west of Ireland, and the west and north of Scotland, and in all the Channel Islands—busy hands gather to reap the ocean harvest, and the sea crop is stacked and cared for as much as that of the land. Anybody who has travelled through Jersey or Guernsey must have been struck with the stacks of sea-drift neatly thatched over, and forming an essential feature of most farm-yards; and those who have—like the writer of this paper one memorable summer—gone out in a Sark boat to the island of Herm, to the harvest of *vraic-scié* (cut weed), and the mad frolics with the charming islanders after it was safely gathered, can never cease to have an interest in sea-weed. Indeed, so essential to their daily bread is it that they have a proverb which says, *Point de vraic, point de haugar* (No sea-weed, no corn-shed); and what is true of the Channel Islands is true of many portions of the western coast of England. In many parts of Ireland "dillisk" (Irish, "duille-isk"—water-leaf), and in the west of Scotland "dulse," is accounted a luxury among Irish people, who eat it in a dried state; but it is for the production of iodine that sea-plants assume valuable proportions.

Kelp, roughly speaking, may be described as a crude sort of carbonate of soda, and is obtained by burning plants of the *Laminaria*, the *Fucus*, and the *Chorda* species, which are plentiful around our rocky coasts. It is obtained by burning the dried weeds in pits dug out in the shore sand till reduced to hard, dark-colored cakes, and in this condition it is sent to market. As soon as the summer months with their bright days come in, the weed-gatherers, with their long wooden rakes, gather up the sea-drift, and spreading it out on the broad beaches, allow the sun to dry it, when it is stacked, and during the winter months burned into cakes.

Photography could not exist without iodine, and this material is of considerable value in our pharmacopœia, while many of the subsidiary elements of sea-weed form essential ingredients in many of our manufactured products. Iodine was discovered in 1811 by Courtois, a Frenchman, and the original hint was speedily taken up and followed out by Gay-Lussac, who was the first to give a history of its properties. Since then many chemists have turned their attention to it, and though it is never found free in nature, it exists in most marine plants to a considerable extent, and to a scarcely appreciable extent in sea-water. The manufacture of iodine from sea-weed was greatly accelerated by the discovery of potash salts. Kelp contains about 42.13 per cent. of soda, but about one-eighth is lost in extracting its essential salts. These contain in 1000 parts 360 salt, 140 sulphate of potash, and 490 chloride of potassium, etc.; crude soda has about ten pounds of iodine to the ton. The great endeavor hitherto has been to get the salts separated without an undue loss of iodine, and M. Moride has spent years in trying to extract the valuable essence without loss. His experiments have been carried on almost entirely with drift-weed. The raw material collected during the day is dried, and then set fire to, as it hangs from a wire-work cone, by burning under it damp sea-weed. This preserves both the iodine and the bromine, and prevents the accumulation of sulphur—the most troublesome ingredient with which the chemist has to deal in extracting the precious essence. The cinders are lixiviated in the most complete manner possible, when the solution is evaporated by steam, brought into a liquor, and precipitated by a strong solution of sulphuric and nitric acids. The precipitation is shaken in closed vessels submerged in benzine, and having been cleared, is dried, and ready for the market. His process, however, has been superseded by a later method, employed by a scientific Englishman. Mr. Stanford, the originator of the British Sea-weed Company, has succeeded in extracting everything valuable out of sea-weed. Having gathered his raw material, it is stored under cover to drain, and then dried either in the sun's rays or heated rooms. The weeds are subsequently submitted to hydraulic pressure to lessen their bulk, after which they are distilled in iron retorts kept at a low red heat, the gas generated in the operation being utilized for carrying on subsequent operations, or for lighting the factory. During distillation the sea-weed gives off a quantity of tar, which is redistilled, and the volatile oil which then passes over is treated with a weak solution of sulphuric acid, by which the red coloring matter is precipitated. Having decanted the residue of the tar into another still, greater heat is applied, and paraffine oil passes over. This is purified in the ordinary way with oil of vitriol and caustic soda. The pitch that remains is pumped into brick ovens, the heavy vapors and more paraffine being eliminated, and the solid portion is burned into coke, which is eagerly bought up by iron-masters. It is much more valuable than ordinary coke, because it is almost entirely free from sulphur. Turning now to the condensers, we find that in the process of distillation a quantity of liquid has been left. Being allowed to settle, the tar by specific gravity falls to the bottom, and the lighter fluid, being treated with lime, yields ammonia. It will thus be seen that these once-despised weeds now yield chlorides of potassium and sodium, gas, paraffine oil, sulphate of ammonia, acetate of lime, pure charcoal, coloring matter, and iodine. By Mr. Stanford's process every ingredient is utilized, and, what is of far greater importance, none of the precious iodine is lost during the manifold operations.

Another use to which the charcoal of sea-weed has been put is that of a deodorizer. For this purpose it is infinitely superior to earth, not only on account of its cheapness, but because it is a better absorbent, requires a smaller bulk to operate effectively, and dries more readily. Besides this, the dry cake may be burned in properly constructed retorts, the ammonia and other useful concomitants of the excreta saved, and the charcoal be used again and again for the purpose to which it was originally applied. The phosphoric acid, potash, and mineral matters left after the ammonia is given off increase the bulk of the charcoal; and when it can no longer be used as a deodorizer, it may be ground and substituted for bone manure. Not to speak at all of the sanitary advantages which flow from complete absorption of the noxious vapors in closets—a consummation calculated to revolutionize the health of large towns—the utilization of what is now washed away into the sea by means of sewage systems, the construction of which has cost millions of money, is an element worthy the consideration of social economists.

Sea-weed has further been recommended to paper manufacturers as a raw material deserving their attention, the plants best adapted for this purpose being the *Zostera* species and the *Ulva marina*. Patents for making paper from these and other marine plants have been taken out in Holland, France, the United States, Italy, and England at various periods since 1820. Hitherto, however, the endeavor to cheapen our paper supply in this direction has not met with unqualified success; not because the weeds are unfitted for the purpose, but because the processes of manufacture have been more or less inefficient. Specimens of pulp and paper from these waifs of the ocean have been shown in exhibitions at home and abroad from time to time, and the chief fault found in it was its color. The difficulty hitherto encountered in properly bleaching the pulp has, indeed, been one of the stumbling-blocks in the way of its adoption. A French manufacturer who employs *Alga* for paper pulp has set forth the processes of the manufacture as carried on at his establishment. He first of all pounds the root, in order to get rid of a rind or bark which incloses it; then all the sand and grit are washed from it, after which it is well beaten, and placed in reservoirs containing a solution of sulphuric acid, in order to soften the fibres and take away their natural toughness. The pulp thus softened is dried in osier baskets or in some other way, and then it is bleached to the required whiteness by means of chloride of lime; after this the manufacturer proceeds as if ordinary rag pulp were used.

Savage peoples located along the sea-shore have from time immemorial used sea-weed for various domestic purposes; but it was reserved for an English manufacturer to attempt to introduce to civilized society articles of utility made from the harvest of the sea. He used the stems of *Laminaria digitata*, I believe, for manufacturing such things as imitation horn knife-handles, walking-sticks, book-covers, picture-frames, and knickknacks. Some of the productions by this process were awarded a gold medal at the Exhibition of 1862 for their excellence and novelty. Very likely he got the idea from some fisher-folk who use the same species of plant for making handles to the knives with which they trim the newly caught fish. I knew an old fisherman on the east coast of Scotland who had for years made "hefts" for all his native village from the thicker stems of sea-weed. His process was very primitive indeed. As soon as he got his weed home he cut it into convenient lengths, and while it was yet wet, pushed the blade hilt down the centre, and laid the article out in the sun to dry. In drying the fibres shrink and grip the hilt of the knife far more firmly than any resinous substance could, and when thoroughly hard it was not unlike buck horn. In the more northern latitudes fishing-lines are commonly made from sea-weed, and in various parts of the world the large leaves of the tropical plants are used for water bottles, and being perfectly impervious, they are not ill adapted for this purpose. Another very ingenious individual conceived the idea of mixing sea-weed with coal tar, pitch, and other substances as a substitution for house coal, in view of the exhaustion of the supply of buried carbon; and it is by no means rare to hear of French upholsterers buying up large quantities of marine grass to be used as stuffing for chairs, sofas, and even mattresses; while those of more Utopian ideas have imagined that it might even be treated so as to be made available for being spun into yarn, and used in textile manufactures. The utmost that has been done in the latter direction, so far as I know, has been to use it for thatching cottages; or, twisted, it has been made into a rough sort of mat; and I have heard that in the south of France weeds are stuffed between the ceilings and roofs to prevent the hot rays of the sun from rendering the top flats of tenements uninhabitable. Various species of sea-weed, when dried in the open air, effloresce, and these, when fermented, yield from eight to fifteen per cent. of mannite—a kind of sugar. Others contain such a large percentage of mucilage that for many years we have imported from Japan and China large quantities of these, which have been used for gum and isinglass; indeed, this kind of isinglass is much prized in certain quarters for making jellies, and so strong is it that one part in 500 parts of water produces a perfect gelatine. Other sorts of sea-weed have always been highly esteemed for their medicinal qualities, especially for all affections of the glands; and one species is used by those Alpine races who inherit goitre from their ancestors, from some recondite cause, with perfect success.

It is, after all, in China and Japan that sea-weed is prized at its proper value, and from these nations we have learned much in the way of utilizing it for food. I remarked at the beginning of this paper that in Ireland and Scotland dillisk, or dulse, was often eaten, but the extreme Orientals have reduced its culinary properties to an exact science. Even we have begun to discover that there are species which contain a large amount of gelatinous ingredients. Among these may be mentioned carrageen, or Irish moss, which is obtained from the *Chondrus mamillosus* and other kindred plants. These are not only mixed with flour to increase the volume, but are used for sizing warps, feeding cattle, glutinizing paper pulp, and a variety of other purposes. Everybody has heard of "sea-moss farina," and this is simply sea-weed. One manufactory in New York employs 500 hands, and turns out several tons a day of the fabricated product. The "moss" is simply dried, bleached, freed from all impurities, and sold as an edible. It may require an educated taste to relish a dish of boiled sea-weed, and the Western *gourmand* might turn up his nose at a ragout of *Laminaria saccharina;* but there are millions of Chinamen who would give their favorite finger-nail for a good dinner of it, and if they were in very extreme hunger, might even be induced to part with their pigtails for their favorite dinner.

Reverting, however, to the chemical ingredients of the sea-weed, these must be set down as its richest treasures, and of all these iodine is incomparably the most precious. As has already been said, it is largely used in photography, and still more largely in medicine, while in the preparation of certain coal-tar dyes it is invaluable. This is the substance used in giving to starch that beautiful blue tint so essential to the getting up of fine linen and laces; and its power as a coloring agent is demonstrated by the fact that water containing 1-450,000th of its weight of iodine is immediately colored. It has such an extraordinary affinity for starch that the slightest quantity tends to permeate an enormous bulk. The reason it is employed in starch is because it is a bleaching agent, and makes the linen look white and pure.

LAST DAYS OF CHARLEMAGNE.

His friend the Pontiff Adrian died A.D. 795, and Charlemagne wept over his loss. Leo III. had been elected pope in his place at once by the voice of all; but soon a bitter hatred arose against him in Rome, and at last an insurrection broke out to overthrow his authority (A.D. 799); armed men sprang upon him in the street, and would have slain him, but he escaped out of their hands; then his own kinsmen sought to put out his eyes, to incapacitate him from ruling, and he fled away across the Alps, and took refuge with Charlemagne. He remained with the king the whole of that winter at Paderborn. Cruel and hateful accusations were made against the pope, and Charlemagne rose up as his strong protector. In the following spring he summoned his army, and proceeded toward Rome, taking the pontiff with him. Charlemagne replaced Leo III. firmly on his throne, and the rebellion was completely subdued. Then the pope came forward voluntarily, no man compelling him, and took oath that the charges which had been brought against him were altogether false. There was peace after this throughout the Church, and all became ripe for the greatest event of the reign of Charlemagne, when he was to be crowned as the first Emperor of the holy and august Roman Empire.

On Christmas-day, A.D. 800, Charlemagne came to the Basilica of St. Peter in Rome, and the High Service was performed in his presence, the pope being celebrant. The church was filled with a devout multitude, consisting of the court of Charlemagne, the people of Rome, and a vast number of the clergy. When all were kneeling in devotion, Leo took from the altar a golden crown, gleaming with gems, and coming forth to the spot where the sovereign knelt, he placed it on his head, and proclaimed him Cæsar and Augustus; then, still standing before Charlemagne, he uttered the prayer: "God grant life and victory to the great and peace-giving Emperor." The whole assembly remained transfixed in silence, not understanding the vast importance of the transfer, until a triumphant shout from the warriors of Charlemagne, mingling with the prayers of the people and the clergy, announced that the power and the dignity of Emperor, in succession to Augustus, Constantine, Theodosius, and Justinian, had passed from the unworthy and disobedient Byzantines to the magnanimous and devoted Charlemagne, henceforth the Cæsar and Augustus of the Holy Empire.

Charlemagne returned home to Aix-la-Chapelle, and from thence, worn as his body was with toil, his spirit governed the whole vast empire. He examined the criminal codes of the different nations which were under his rule, and finally, after much thought, he put forth his Capitularies—laws to regulate the administration of justice and the righteous ordering of the entire realm (A.D. 801). A heavy trial befell the Emperor in the death of his eldest son, Charles (A.D. 811); but there remained to him a good and pious son in Louis le Débonnaire. In the following year Charlemagne effected a general peace by means of treaties with the Greek emperor; with Gumoald, Duke of Beneventum; with Al Hakem, in Spain; and with Harold and Regenfried, the sons of Heming, in South Jutland. Soon after this had been accomplished, the great emperor began to feel that his strength was failing. A diet was held at Aix-la-Chapelle (A.D. 813), and his son Louis was crowned as his colleague and successor. Charlemagne then summoned the five councils of Arles, Chalons, Rheims, Mentz, and Tours, to regulate the discipline of the Church. One year later the work of Charlemagne was over. He continued his activity and his labors to the end; but at length his last sickness came: he received the Blessed Sacrament, and died January 28, A.D. 814. His body was embalmed, and buried in a vault beneath the dome of his great church at Aix-la-Chapelle; he was placed there, seated upon his golden throne, with his sword and his kingly orb in his hand, and on his knees lay the open book of the Gospels. An inscription was written above his grave in letters of gold: "Beneath is laid the body of Charles, the great and true-faithed Emperor."

ODD VERSIONS OF THE PSALMS.

An amusing chapter of the curiosities of our literature might be compiled of the various whimsical metrical English versions of the Psalms which have been made from time to time. Perhaps not many readers are aware that a portion of the 137th Psalm has been adapted to Sapphic measure, as follows:

"Fast by thy stream, O Babylon, reclining,
Woe-begone exile, to the gale of evening
Only responsive, my forsaken harp I
Hung on the willow.

"Gushed the big tear-drops as my soul remembered,
Zion, thy mountain paradise, my country!
When the fierce bands Assyrian, who led us
Captive from Salem,

"Claimed, in our mournful bitterness of anguish,
Songs and unseasoned madrigals of joyance:
'Sing the sweet-tempered carol that ye wont to
Warble in Zion.'

"Dumb be my tuneful eloquence, if ever
Strange echoes answer to a song of Zion!
Blasted this right hand, if I should forget thee,
Land of my fathers!"

This curious essay is copied from the *Panoramic Miscellany; or, Monthly Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art*, Vol. I., 1826. Possibly Southey's youthful Jacobin effusions in Sapphic measure, so admirably, and withal so mercilessly, parodied by Canning, may have suggested the idea of attempting to improve upon Sternhold and Hopkins, by adapting one of the Psalms to the same kind of rhyme; but however this may have been, it can hardly be allowed that the result as above is very felicitous.

A still more remarkable specimen of poetical vagaries in versifying the Psalms is given by Sir Egerton Brydges in his *Censura Literaria*, which readers who have not access to that work will probably be interested to see reproduced in this connection:

"Psalm I.

"Blest is the man,
Yea, happie than,
By grace that can
Eschew ill counsell and the godles gates:
And walks not in
The way of sin,
Nor doth begin
To sit with mockers in the scornfull sates:
But in Jehovah's law
Delites aright
And studies it to know
Both day and night:
That man shall bee
Like to the tree
Fast planted by the running river growes,
That fruit doth beare
In tyme of yeare,
Whose leafe shall never fade nor rute unloose."

The scarce old book (a small octavo of sixteen leaves) from which these very odd "cuttit and clippit" verses are given by Brydges as a specimen is entitled:

> "*The Mindes Melodie.* Contayning certayne Psalmes of the kinglie prophete David, applyed to a new pleasant tune, verie comfortable to everie one that is rightlie acquainted therewith. Edinburgh: Printed be Robert Charteris, Printer to the Kings most excellent Majestie, 1605. *Cum privilegio regali.*"

What kind of "a new pleasant tune" such lines were "applyed to" does not appear, but it must have been quite as whimsical as the measure is "original."

BRIGHTON BEACH FAIR GROUNDS.

One of the new and one of the most successful attractions of Coney Island is the course called the Brighton Beach Fair Grounds. The situation is most eligible, as it is situated only two hundred feet from the Brighton Hotel and two hundred and fifty feet from the Brighton Railroad station. It was constructed at an expense of about $300,000. The track is laid in the most substantial manner. There was first a foundation of bog, twelve inches in depth; over this was placed a thick layer of white sand, covered with loam to the depth of twelve inches. This makes a remarkably springy, safe, and "fast" track, which is believed to be superior to every other in the country. At the side of the home-stretch are water-pipes, for the purpose of sprinkling the track and laying the dust, should this become necessary.

The Grand Stand, of which a partial view is given in our illustration on page 684, is two hundred feet by fifty. It is fitted up in English style, finished in the best manner. There is also another stand of the same dimensions half way down the track, to which the rate of admission is less than at the first. The pool stands are commodious and convenient. Stabling room is already provided for two hundred horses, and these accommodations will be extended should necessity require it. Inside the grounds there is a hotel for trainers and jockeys.

The course, which was laid out by the well-known engineer Mr. Chas. H. Haswell, measures one mile three feet from the pole. The steeple-chase course is one of the best in the country. Walls, water jumps, etc., furnish abundant opportunities for the display of skill and daring in horsemanship.

The Brighton Beach Fair Grounds undoubtedly furnish one of the best courses in the country, and the place is destined to achieve great popularity. Notwithstanding the disadvantage that new structures are going up, the attendance this season is very large, and the managers have every reason to be satisfied with the results of their undertaking.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

In one of the primary schools of Salem, Massachusetts, a teacher was endeavoring to ascertain the extent of her children's knowledge of numbers. The question being asked, "Would you rather have three paper bags with two oranges in each, or two bags with three oranges in each?" all but one little fellow expressed themselves as without preference. The teacher asked this pupil for his decision, and he was persistent in his liking for three bags with two oranges in each, his reason, when finally given, being, "So I could have more bags to bust."

It is very easy for a doctor to order a patient to make a sea-voyage for his health, because all sick people always have $10,000 in the bank.

A bachelor upon reading that "two lovers will sit up all night, with one chair in the room," said it could not be done unless one of them sat on the floor. Such ignorance is painful.

SCENE: RECITATION IN MENTAL SCIENCE.

Professor. "How do you know that you know any thing?"

Senior. "I don't know."

"Is there an opening here for an intellectual writer?" asked a seedy, red-nosed individual of an editor. "Yes, my friend," replied the man of quills; "a considerate carpenter, foreseeing your visit, left an opening for you: turn the knob to the right."

"What shall I leave you when I die?" said an insipid fellow to a young lady whose patience he had exhausted. "Needn't wait till you die," said she; "you can leave something now, if you will." "What shall I leave?" he asked. "Leave yourself," she replied. He left.

The latest novelty is a "barometer handkerchief." Your wife can tell by the perfume of the article whether you've been to the bar or not.

"You love me?" echoed the fair young creature, as her pretty head oiled the collar of his summer suit. "Yes," he said, tenderly, "you are my own and only—" "Hush!" she interrupted, "don't say that—be original. That sounds too much like Barnum's show-bills."

It is strangely singular how much the boy with a pair of new suspenders hates to wear a coat.

A Nebraska belle is engaged to marry a Mr. Lemen. He has promised to be her Lemon aid.

"If you want a pug-dog, madam, what is a pug," said a dog-fancier to a would-be purchaser, "this here one's the dog. Why, his nose is just a-turnin' somersets atween his ears all the time."

"Pardon me," said Bob, when he stepped on the girl's foot in the dance. "Don't apologize," said she; "beaux on the shoes are fashionable, and we can stand anything for style."

"The more shirtee Melican man get washee, more money Chinaman makee," is the way an almond-eyed Philadelphia laundryman translates "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

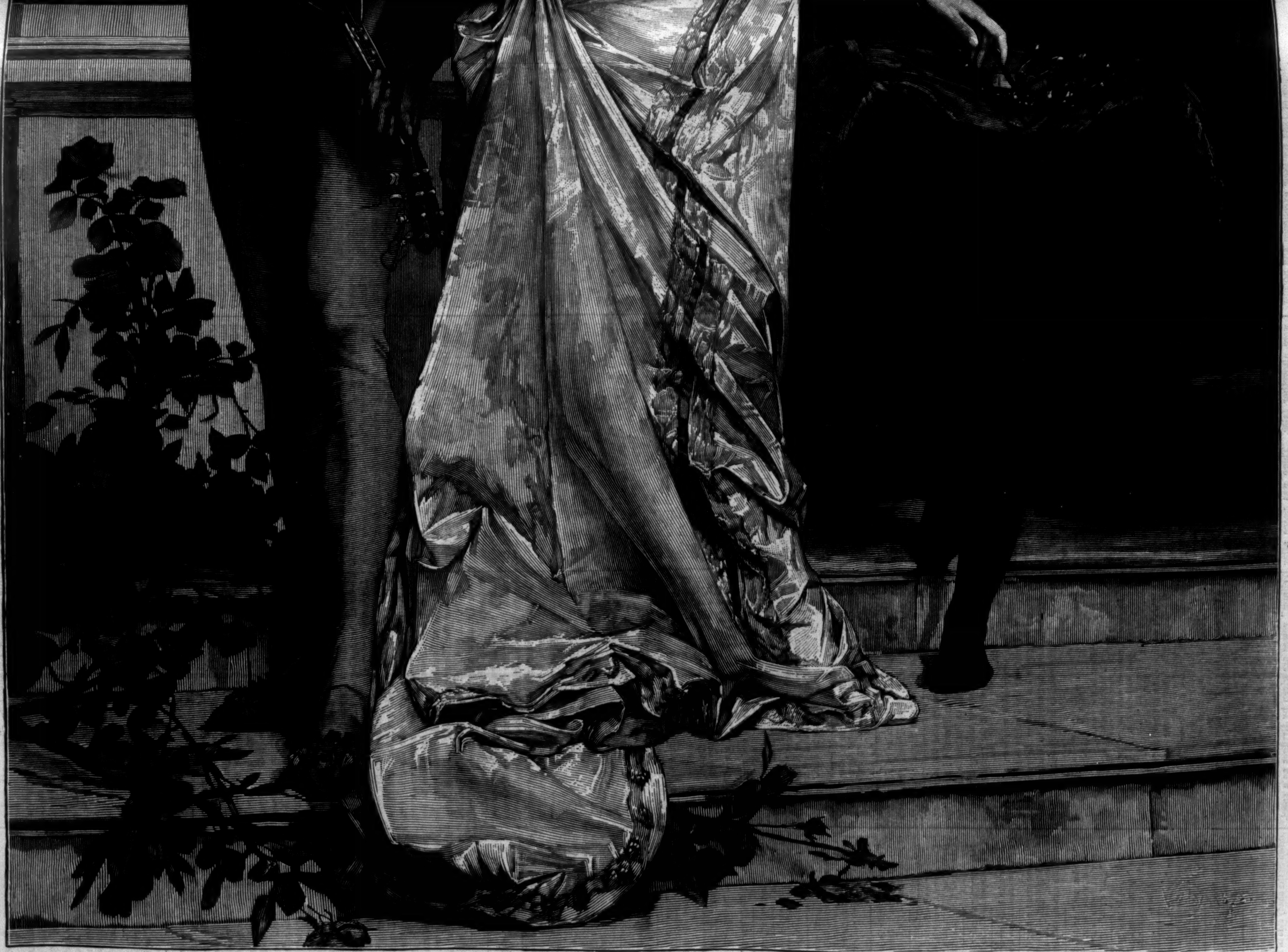
Thus does the iconoclastic heel of progress grind the life out of the cherished idols of childhood. A Pennsylvanian has invented a machine for playing the school-day game at tit-tat-too automatically.

"Talk about the jaws of death," exclaimed a man who had a termagant wife, "I tell you they're nothing to the jaws of life."

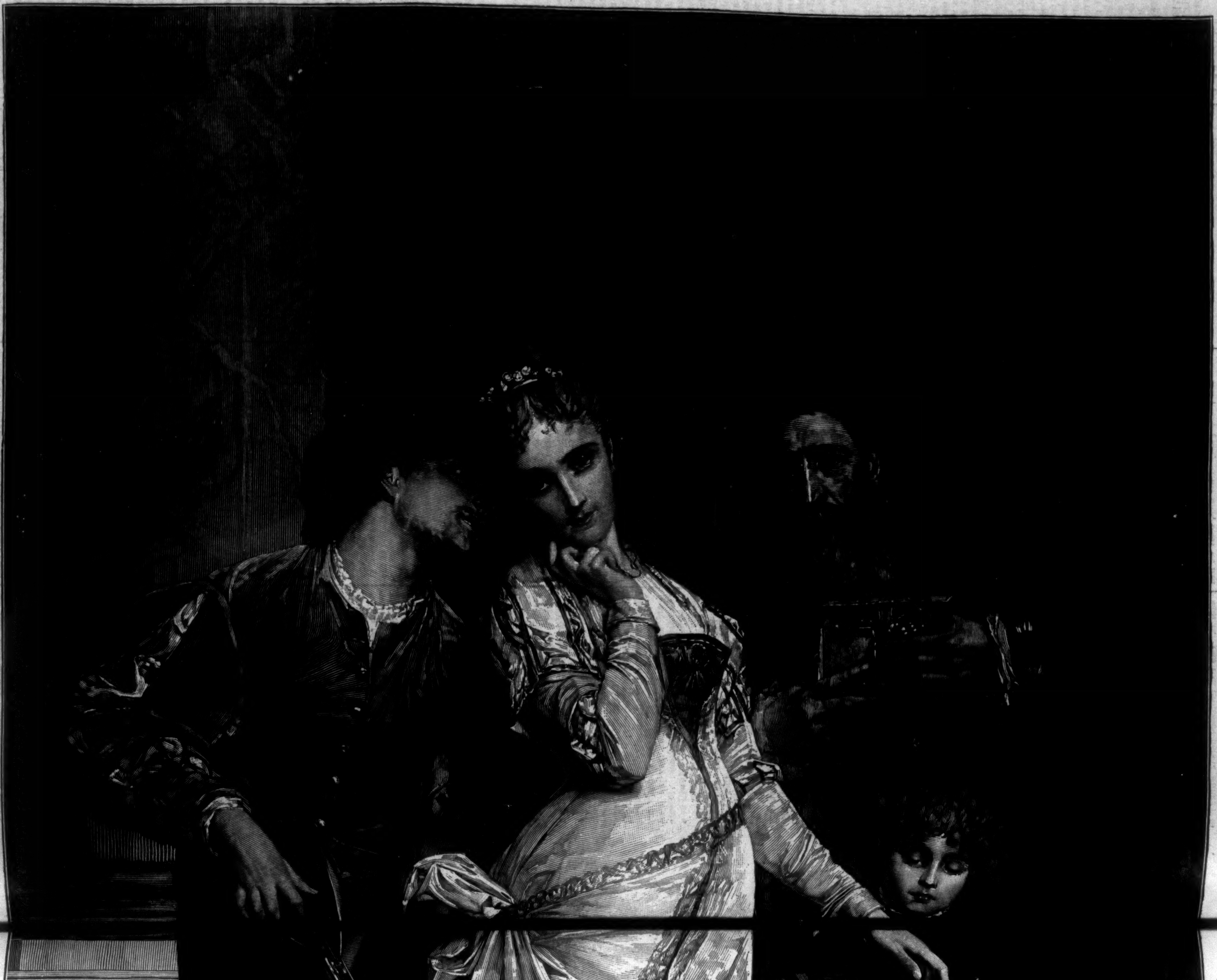
A Michigan lady wants to know whether or not it is honorable for a young man to stand idly by and watch a girl pass out of her teens into the twenties and so on, down to the shady side of forty, still bearing her maiden name.

"What we want now," commenced a confused and timid speaker at a meeting of a debating society, "is—is—not—not so much what we don't want as that which we most require." His hearers agreed with him.

A New York lady writes: "If I could have my way, every smoker should marry a smoker, or live alone forever." Now, do you know, that would be rather a nice idea—matrimonial smoke, as it were: one pipe with but a single blast, two stems that smoke as one. Smoking girls desirous of getting married will please mention the particular brand of tobacco they affect.



"LOVE AND MONEY."—From the Painting by M. Vely.



A CHARADE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

I.—THE SMALL END OF THE WEDGE.

Proverbs, like people, are sometimes so familiar that they only excite contempt. There is one connected with "the small end of a wedge" which, from its "constant appearance upon platforms in connection with the British lion," used to form a subject of mirth with dear Charles Dickens, and I confess (until lately) with me also. I had heard of it so many times, always spoken of in tones of warning, and yet seen no sort of harm result from its application, that I did not believe it, even as a metaphor. It had become a mere vague and shadowy menace, like "the beast" in Revelations, only, of course, smaller. It was always used when we in England adopted any improvement in our affairs borrowed from the United States—such as sherry-cobblers, for example, or goloshes. It was the first step toward "Americanizing our institutions," and the small end of the wedge. Now I have been much the better for sherry-cobblers (and very seldom the worse), and I believe goloshes to have been the first step (although rather a slippery one) to my enfranchisement from colds. The Reform Bill, vote by ballot, table ice, Nepaul pepper, and arbitration have all been "small ends of the wedge" in their time, as doubtless at an earlier period of the world's history were clothes, combs, stalls in theatres, marriages by auction, cooked food, and sobriety. I had known no harm come of these things, and I ridiculed those who thought that harm would come of them, and who quoted the above words of warning. Therefore, when a certain loving daughter of mine whispered to me after dinner one evening, "Papa, let us have charades," and my brother the lawyer, who overheard her, remarked, "Take care what you are about, Jim; charades are the small end of the wedge," I said, "Well, we'll see about it, darling," to the one, and "Why not, Jack?" to the other.

"Well, I'll tell you 'why not,'" said Jack, who didn't look like a Jack at all—only we had always called each other by our boyish names—being bald and fat, and also Recorder of Maryborough, "and if you are wise, you'll listen to my advice. Charades are not bad in themselves, except for their stupidity, but if by some unlucky accident they chance to succeed, they are as certain as D. T. is the end of drinking to be followed by *private theatricals*."

"Oh, nothing would induce me," said I, with confidence, "to have my house turned upside down by the performance of private theatricals."

"That girl there, Jenny, will induce you," was Jack's oracular reply, delivered in the severe tone with which he addressed prisoners in the dock. "Once convicted of weakness in allowing them to act charades, you will be hurried by your wife and daughters into the vortex of the amateur drama, and—" Here Jack's mouth was stopped by a pink plump hand, about an inch long, which belonged to our baby, and had been dexterously applied to the offending mouth by his favorite sister Grace. She had picked him up and cast him into her uncle's lap—who doted on the child—with the quickness of a fireman who sees at once the point where a conflagration is making head, and turns the hose on. In "Baba's" clutch Uncle John, who was also his godfather, was powerless; his judicial lips could then only kiss and purr.

"But what *are* these charades?" inquired I, more alarmed than I cared to show at the loss of my ally; for Jack, though not himself a paterfamilias, had a fellow-feeling for me, I knew. "I thought charades were the same as riddles. Of course you may ask as many riddles—"

"Oh, you wicked story!" cried Jenny.

"Oh, Mr. Innocence!" cried Grace.

It was hopeless to stem the tide of juvenile Sadduceeism, and the more so as I felt convicted of being a Pharisee myself, for I knew perfectly well what charades were. In this strait I looked toward my wife for help, with, "What do *you* think, Julia?" Julia was working at some embroidery, from which she had never raised her eyes, though perfectly conscious of the siege that was being laid to me, and she only raised them now to say, "The girls seem to have set their hearts upon it, Jim; but, of course, you will do as you please," which was equivalent to going over to the enemy. When a wife tells her husband that "of course he will do as he pleases," he is, if I may use the expression, "done for." There is no compulsion—only he must. It was not necessary for Jack to laugh contemptuously (which he did), and to inform me that the affair was settled from that moment as to the charades.

"You see, Grace, being tall and stately," explained Jenny, "is to be Thalestris, Queen of the Amazons, and I, being a good deal shorter, though much more beautiful and accomplished, am to be her daughter Lampeto. Cousin Tom has written the loveliest verses for us to recite in character; and Baba is to appear with gilt all round his frock as the grandchild of Alexander. My dear old papa knows the story, of course."

"Oh yes," said I, coldly, for it was the first time I had ever heard of it. "But I hope Baba will not have much to say, because his vocabulary is rather limited."

"What nonsense you talk, papa! He is to be my baby, of course, and Thalestris wants to kill him because he is not a girl, such being the custom among the Amazons."

"And a very good notion too," observed Jack, judicially. "If we had only one criminal class, or at least sex, even though that were the most troublesome one, to deal with in this country, it would immensely simplify matters."

"There, you see," cried Jenny, triumphantly (though not understanding him in the least), "Uncle John is already converted to our opinion. He sees that it will be an excellent charade."

"Nay, my dear, I only said it would have a good moral," observed the Recorder, gravely.

"The moral is everything," said Grace, confidently; "that is, if we can hire the proper dresses. Mamma thinks that for five pounds—"

Julia shook her head.

"Well, then, for six pounds—"

"I never said one word about the matter, Grace, as you know very well," said my wife, reprovingly: "I simply referred you to your father."

"Well, then, let us *say* six pounds, papa. That will procure the armor—"

"Armor!" cried I. "You're not going to appear in armor, surely!"

"Oh yes, and on horseback," put in Uncle John. "You can hire trained horses from the Hippodrome."

"Don't you believe him, papa. We wish for nothing out of the way nor extravagant. Just a little body armor, with silver sandals instead of shoes."

"The well-greaved Grecians," observed the Recorder, who prided himself on his classical attainments.

"Just so," continued Grace, whose way it is to take not only silence for consent to any of her propositions, but also all remarks not absolutely of an antagonistic character. "And Tom will lend us his bows and arrows."

"No, no. You will be shooting all over the place," said I. I had begun to perceive by my wife's being so quiet that the suggestion was insidious, and the whole affair of quite a serious character.

"But, my dear papa, the bows will be only strung at our backs, and the arrows will be in their quivers; and you said you would 'see about it,' you know, and you never go back from your word."

And that was how the charades came about, as many other things do in the house of which I am the reputed master, where to hesitate is to be compromised, and to "see about it" is a binding promise.

The girls assured me that the "proper dresses" had been procured from Nathan's (the costumer), so, although I confess that they did not altogether come up to—or rather down to—*my* ideas of propriety, I supposed it was so. The spectators, too, were fortunately confined to a select circle of relations or familiar friends; and really the way in which Grace stood, spear in hand, as Queen of the Amazons, and denounced the degeneracy of her daughter because she wouldn't drown Baba like a kitten, made one quite a convert to infanticide.

"Daughter of mine thou art not" (which was certainly very true). "What should this madness mean?" she inquired, with ferocity; and then proceeded with a personal narrative: had not she (Thalestris)

"Sought the Macedonian out from amidst his wars,
And tuned her softest love-songs to the clash of cimeters,
That there should be a princess as was not looked upon
Since the great sun began to shine or Thermodon to run,
To whose bold heart not stranger should be the rush of fear
Than that false love which dyes thy cheek and shames it with a tear,
Whose voice should speak, as I should hear, alone of victory?
Up through those liquid lashes look, Lampeto: art thou she?"

Then Lampeto looked up through her liquid lashes, and, to the astonishment (fortunately mute) of Baba, thus replied:

"I am, I am; thou know'st it. Where fiercest fall the blows,
Where friends are few and faintest, where thickest stand the foes,
Thou know'st whose foot is firmest, thou know'st whose battle-cry
Far, far, beyond the foremost rings clearest through the sky."

Here the voice of Baba, alarmed by Jenny's unwonted excitement of tone, began to ring out pretty clearly, as if in illustration. The spectators, who had at first been all for Lampeto, would have veered round to Thalestris (as a female substitute for Herod, King of the Jews) had not Lampeto been too quick for them.

"It is not well to taunt me. See here, upon my brow,
The Scythian's brand fell moons ago, and ye would think but now.
Ay, and methinks not always are those blue eyes so tame,
When the wild war-note waketh the slumber of their flame;
Ay, and not always thus, too, with supplicating hands.
When the Albanian camest, the waster of our lands,
Who of their crested chieftains, who of their mailed men,
Has seen this right arm raised to strike, and sought his home again?"

Here Grace raised her right hand, which, with a very deadly weapon in it, might possibly have harmed a mouse, and drew down quite a tornado of applause. Everybody said that "they had no idea it was in her" to express herself so forcibly and look so fierce, except Uncle John, who muttered something about "all women having a temper of their own," which happily was drowned in plaudits. But now it was the turn of Thalestris to cut in again, who had been meanwhile very successful in reducing Baba to silence by a terrific shaking of her spear:

"Now 'tis in truth my daughter; thus should she always speak."

"Heavens!" thought I, but I said nothing.

"Now can I mark her father well on her brow and cheek."

"That's good," said Jack: "so can I."

"More—tell me more, I pray thee. Again he's at my side—
His love moods and his vengeance, his passion and his pride.
I see the captive armies watching without his tent;
The haughtiest look is humbled, the proudest neck is bent.
I see the broken armies, their noblest chief in chains,
Their bravest with the vultures upon Arbela's plains,
And his own warriors round him, swift at his beck and call,
And that fierce stamp that shakes their souls—ay, I can see it all."

"Nay, mother, nay; thou dost but see thy daughter and her child.
Proud words flow free and fast enough when wrong drives woman wild.
There are no warriors here, mother, but these two tiny hands
Have far more force with Lampeto than all the Grecian bands."

And after a few more lines, finding Thalestris still implacable, she drew a jewelled dagger (the hire of which, I afterward noticed, was the exact price of an attorney's letter, namely, six and eightpence), and stabbed Baba among his flannels. With the trifling exception of the child himself, who resented his own assassination beyond measure, the performance was a complete success, and my nephew Tom, who wrote the charade, came in for his full share of congratulation. He had evidently, it was agreed, a talent for domestic drama, and some one suggested aloud that it was quite a pity he didn't write for the stage. Tom looked at Jack, expecting an outburst of disapprobation; but his uncle only nodded, and said he could see no harm in *that*, so long as nothing he wrote was accepted. "I have known a young man write for the stage for years," were his words, "and not be a penny the worse for it;" which I very well knew was a sly hit at me, who had had a few plays in manuscript for an indefinite period, though the fact was only known to some friends of my early days, and I should have been very sorry (from a professional point of view) had it got abroad.

There was a good deal of talk about the charades both then and afterward; but it had been played at Christmas-time, when diversions of all kinds abound, and it was taken by our friends very much as a matter of course. "Months rolled on," as the story-tellers say, and I flattered myself that the excitement created by Thalestris and Lampeto (not to mention Baba) had died out; that the girls, though proud of the success that had attended their first dramatic effort a year ago, were content to rest upon their laurels; and that I should hear no more upon the subject, at all events in connection with the small end of the wedge.

I confess I had taken some measures for self-defense by earnestly observing that, after what I had seen of the fuss and trouble caused by the getters up of a mere charade, it seemed to me that people must go mad before they allowed their back drawing-rooms to be turned into a stage; and that while I had not much to say against the Amazonian affair, I thought the less young ladies exhibited themselves in other characters than their own before spectators, the more highly men of sense—and means—would be likely to regard them; but these precautions seemed to be unnecessary. I was at ease, and unsuspecting as Adam in the garden—indeed, I was reading the evening paper after dinner—when Eve appeared one evening, in the person of my Julia, and caused my fall.

"My dear husband," said she, "I have come upon quite a treasure;" and with that she handed me, not an apple, but a little rolled-up manuscript, dim with the rust of ages, which I presently recognized as one of my almost forgotten plays. It was called *The Deputy*; and though I do not say of it as the famous Scudéry did of his *Arminius*, "It is a masterpiece; and if my labor could ever deserve a crown, I would crown it for this work," I must confess it was a very pretty little thing, and would have been worth a good many crowns to a discerning manager.

"Why, where on earth did you find it?" inquired I, not displeased to see this offspring of my youth.

"In the old cabinet in the library, my dear, along with several others. As it was a wet day, I read it to the girls this morning, and they were perfectly *charmed* with it."

"They are good girls," said I, "and sensible girls; girls of considerable taste and culture. Some of the other plays were far from bad, too, if I remember right."

"They were all excellent, my dear, but we liked *The Deputy* best. It is so witty, and runs so pleasantly; and how admirably, we all thought, it would go off upon the stage!"

"If it ever got on there, I dare say it would," said I, dryly.

"It ought to be acted," mused my wife; "it really ought;" and there the matter dropped—for about five minutes. Then in came Jenny, with, "Oh, papa, I have such a capital plan in my head about your beautiful play! There are two lady characters in it which would just suit me and Grace, and the third, the leading one, seems really written for Rose Symonds—if we can only get her to do it; why should we not play it at home?"

Now, as I have said, I had the greatest objection to private theatricals in a general way. I think they make young ladies who act in them, to say the least of it, conspicuous; and they are also often objectionable in themselves. But, on the other hand, here was a play of my own, really in every way admirable, and what could be more fitting and, indeed, filial, than that my own daughters and Rose Symonds (who had a magnificent figure, and would look the heroine to perfection) should see what they could make of it, before a few friends, and strictly, as it were, within the home circle? The whole thing, put in that light, seemed a very pleasant notion, and I wrote a few lines to Tom, who frequented the theatres a good deal, to ask him to help us. I also thought it right to inform my brother Jack, being Baba's godfather, the girls' only unmarried uncle, and having a pretty penny of his own, what we had in contemplation.

"Dear uncle," was Tom's reply, "I'm your man for anything, from the Emperor of Morocco to the second robber; and I know two *eligible* young gentlemen who will make themselves useful or ornamental, as required."

I thought his note flippant, considering that the play had been forwarded to him, and had no Emperor of Morocco or robbers in it at all; but I was willing to look over that in consideration of his services.

My brother's reply—which he wrote in pencil from the Bench of Justice—was even less satisfactory:

"Dear Jim,—I wish you luck with your theatricals. Did I not tell you that that charade would be 'the small end of the wedge?' I've got a fellow here for burglary with violence who began with adulteration. It's the same story.

"Yours affectionately, Jack."

II.—THE THICK END.

I don't deny that Jack's letter gave me an uncomfortable impression of having been, so to speak, "taken in and done for" by my wife and the girls; but it was not the first time (nor the fiftieth) that the thing had happened, and it only remained for me to keep the damage within limits. In this there was, however, some difficulty, as I could not but agree with the argument that "it was a pity so admirable a play should be witnessed by only a score of people, and these one's own relatives and belongings, who are notoriously the least appreciative of audiences." And yet the larger the number of spectators, the more extensive must needs be the preparations to receive them. Somehow or other a hundred and fifty got invited, although I objected to them literally inch by inch; for if they all came, it seemed to me that there would be much less room for them than is usually allotted for the adult human body.

"Oh, I'll manage *that*," cried Julia, confidently, "if the expense does not alarm you. You would not wish them to have a stand-up supper, I suppose?"

"No," said I, simply: "certainly not; they will come here for an intellectual gratification. Give them tea and toast, and perhaps some coffee and ice."

"Tea and toast!" echoed Julia, disdainfully. "I am really astonished at you, my dear James. We have always had some name for hospitality. They must have supper, of course. The question is whether it should be only a stand-up one."

"Why, they can't have a lie-down one, surely, like the Romans, as Jack would say," was my simple and classical reply.

"Now, my dear James, this is a serious question," said my wife, reprovingly. "People think nothing of a stand-up supper, where everybody is reaching over everybody else's shoulder [good heavens! thought I, what a picture!], and scrambling for legs of chicken and scraps of pie. My advice is, if you do give an entertainment of this kind, it should be a good one."

"Well, I suppose it's only a question of chairs," said I; "let them have chairs."

"Very good; then you consent to a sit-down supper."

And I may here say at once that this was *not* "the small end of the wedge," but the other end. That supper cost me £70.

"You will give Champagne, of course?" continued my wife, indifferently; "supper without Champagne would be an anomaly."

"Then our supper will be an anomaly, my dear," said I, decisively. "You may put it on the cards of invitation, if you please: 'Private theatricals at 8; anomaly at 11.30.' It will be a novelty, at all events."

"Well, all I can say, James, is, that nobody ever praises anything, however good—and I am sure your play is *excellent*—unless they have Champagne afterward. I should be exceedingly sorry that your talents failed to be appreciated for the sake of a few bottles of Champagne."

"But at the theatres people praise what they see, and yet—except perhaps in the case of newspaper critics—the managers don't give them Champagne after it."

"That is true, my dear; but theatres are not a private house. What will be said in our case (or rather in yours, for I don't care what they say about *me*; it is your reputation that I am jealous about)—what will they say when they see only claret and sherry on the table, and no long glasses? Why, 'What a pity it is that a man of such transcendent abilities should be so mean!'"

So the Champagne was agreed upon. This was a mere detail, though rather an expensive one. The proceedings in other respects were wholesale. The house was literally pulled to pieces. Doors were taken off their hinges, and curtains brought down from everywhere to supply their place. The drawing-room, which was to be the theatre and auditorium, was wrecked; and on the desert waste thus created raised seats were erected. The stage was put up by 'skilled workmen,' with their usual disregard to the wall-paper, and the chief mirror was smashed by a ladder. They also dawdled over their work to that extent that it got whispered in the neighborhood, among the people that were not asked to the play, that they were obliged to work on Sundays, and that my daughters played sacred airs on the harmonium to drown the noise of the hammers and saws. I was at church myself, and can't say. Indeed, I was very seldom in the house at all, for it had become unbearable. Anarchy reigned everywhere, even in the kitchen, and I was compelled to take my meals at the club.

But all this was nothing to the rehearsals. Miss Rose Symonds, whom we had fixed upon for our leading lady, had a temper of her own, and drove Tom, who was stage-manager, quite frantic with it. She had professed herself willing "to make herself useful in any part," well knowing that she was to act the chief one, but it was found that this meant she wanted to play them all. She wished to cut all the good "bits" out of the speeches of the others and put them into her own, on the ground that they "dwarfed the heroine." Considering that she stood five feet ten in her satin shoes, this assertion was ridiculous. She appropriated even the prologue and the epilogue, which I had secretly intended to have spoken myself. Her egotism was so tremendous that the others quailed before it, like animals before the human eye. Magnificent as she was to look at, the three young men (and of course the two young women) would have wished her a size or two smaller, and a few degrees less beautiful, if by that means she would have become what the stage people call "practicable." Her mother was "an Honorable," and she never forgot it.

After one terrible scene (not in my play) Tom came to me in my dressing-room—the only apartment I could now call my own—and protested that he couldn't stand it any longer. He must get somebody else.

"Nonsense," said I; "Miss Symonds is a splendid creature, and exactly corresponds with my conception of the part with which she is intrusted."

"That's all very well," said he; "but you have not got to rehearse with her. Now if you'll allow me, I know a young lady—an admirably conducted girl—who is a professional actress; her father is an architect—"

"I don't care *what* her father is, Sir," interrupted I, with indignation. "Do you suppose I will allow a professional actress to appear under this roof, with my daughters—"

"She would do your play a deal more justice than this giantess."

"Well, well, that may be; but we must make some sacrifice to principle, Tom."

"There is Miss Kemble, daughter of your old friend the canon at Exeter, and great-grandniece to the immortal actor of the same name. She has a hereditary talent for the stage, you know; and I think I could persuade her to help us. She is a quick study—"

"A what?"

"Learns her part rapidly, I mean. Now if I could get her—"

"No, no; it's not to be thought of, Tom. Consider how angry the Symondses would be, and your aunt has a great regard for them. We couldn't give any reason for packing the girl off, except that she was too tall. You must do the best with her you can."

I did carry my point there, and the professional services of Miss Rose Symonds were retained.

Time went on, and with it our gigantic preparations. Pink and gold cards of invitation were sent out to the one hundred and fifty people, and they almost all accepted: they always do when there are theatricals, which are hailed with delight as a variation from the eternal round of balls and dinners: and some of them asked permission to bring a friend. I had a thousand dismal apprehensions of failure, but they were swallowed up in the dread of the drawing-room floor giving way, and everybody going to the supper table (which was underneath) before the proper time. The day before the appointed night arrived, and all was ready; the house looked like a bower, so thickly was it planted with evergreens and flowers (which are rather dear at that time of the year) that I felt like a "Jack in the Green," as I left it for the city that morning. I had not been at the office an hour when a telegram arrived from my wife: "Tom is taken ill: what are we to do?"

I don't know the exact ejaculation I made use of when I read this piece of news, but I noticed that my chief clerk, who was with me at the time, and who belongs to "a serious family," opened his eyes and mouth, and threw up his hands like a semaphore, so it is probable that it was something stronger than "Good gracious!" The next moment I was in a hansom cab, leaving the telegram behind me, the contents of which subsequently got abroad in the office, and gave rise among the young gentlemen to the ridiculous report that the illness of a favorite tomcat had thus upset me. It was not a cat, alas! but a catastrophe.

Tom was "down" with a quinsy sore throat, and a substitute for him was out of the question. My wife and daughters were engaged for the next three hours in writing and telegraphing to put the people off. It was hardly to be expected, with all the care in the world, but that some of the one hundred and fifty would turn up the next night, and very apprehensive we felt as it drew nigh. There was something ghastly in the notion of half a dozen people coming down to our artificial arbor in January to eat a cold supper. It was like a stage picnic; and, indeed, the stage was there, though there was no representation. As luck would have it, however, nobody came, and all the little impromptu jokes we had manufactured to mitigate their disappointment and set them at their ease were thrown away. I wish the supper could have been thrown away too, for the living upon tipsy-cake and boned turkeys, as we had to do for the next fortnight, made frightful havoc with my digestion. However, we got through with it somehow, and Tom recovered of his quinsy.

The appointed day *again* drew near; and on this occasion I had absolutely insisted that every character should have his or her substitute, so that my friends should not be made fools of a second time. My wife (who, like all women, will run any risk) called me a "dear old fidget;" but in this, as I fondly flattered myself, I had my way. Tom assured me that he had placed copies of *The Deputy* in safe hands, and that if either actor or actress should fall ill, a duplicate could be procured at an hour's notice. Only this arrangement, of course, necessitated six more people (the number of characters represented) being asked to the entertainment, and increased the probability of the floor giving way. I was well pleased to find that my wife and I were to stand in the doorway of the drawing-room to receive our guests, for *underneath that there was a joist.*

Now it would not be credited by persons who are unacquainted with the female character, but upon the very morning of the day that my play was to be acted, and when she knew that everything depended upon her keeping all right, that abominable girl Rose Symonds must needs go to the Belgravian Rink and break her leg. If she had broken her neck, which, considering her weight and size, was likely enough, she could not have done worse, so far as we were concerned. The news came just as our little company were getting ready for the morning rehearsal, and a pretty commotion it caused.

"However," said I, "thank goodness and my foresight, you have made sure of a substitute, Tom; so take a cab and fetch her."

"My dear James," said my wife, turning very pale, "the lady we thought of was Miss Kemble, of Exeter."

"Then telegraph for her immediately, and prepay reply." I was in that state of mind when it is dangerous for even a man's wife to contradict him; and Tom started off at once.

In half an hour he brought back the message: "Will come up in time, and quite prepared."

I almost burst into tears at the relief, and felt so mollified toward the authoress of our calamity as to express a hope that it would not be necessary to cut her leg off higher than the ankle.

Fortunately Tom had thought of ascertaining the new performer's height in inches—and even round the waist—and Miss Rose's stage costume was altered accordingly to suit her. None of us, as it happened, had seen Miss Kate Kemble since she was a child, but she had given promise of good looks, so that we all hoped for the best. I am bound to say that she proved to be very satisfactory in that respect. She arrived just in time for one dress rehearsal, and was received with open arms; indeed, I was so charmed with her prompt proceedings, and also touched with the remembrance of my old friendship for her father the canon, that I gave her a parental kiss, at which I saw Tom snigger. I confess I didn't ask much after her father, but then there was no time for anything but business—that is, stage business. She was to sleep at her aunt's house in town, and return to Exeter the next day. She had really got up her part extremely well, and looked the character to perfection; she had not so grand an appearance as the Symonds, but she had ten times her vivacity. I could see that Tom vastly preferred her to the other, and of course he was the best judge; but it struck me that my wife and daughters were a little stiff with her, which, considering the great obligation we were under, I thought very bad taste, and therefore I made up for it all I could. Curiously enough, whenever I made myself agreeable to the poor girl, I saw Tom snigger. But nothing made much impression upon me at that time, my mind being monopolized with the drama and the instability of the drawing-room floor.

Modesty forbids me to say more of the performance of *The Deputy* than that it was a complete success. The actors did every justice to the play, especially Miss Kemble, who was perfectly self-possessed, and, as Tom observed, "fairly drew down the house." I replied that I was very glad to say she didn't, though I have reason to believe, from the cracks that afterward appeared in the dining-room ceiling, that she was within a very little of doing it. Everything went off well, including the audience; and when I put Kate Kemble, who was the last to go, into her cab, I could really have found it in my heart to kiss her, only that Tom stood by with that eternal snigger. However, I spoke of her to my wife and the girls as she deserved to be spoken of, and I am bound to say that they allowed that she had acted to perfection. Perhaps she had put the girls a little into the shade, but they had plenty of praise for their own share, and, on the whole, we had all cause to congratulate ourselves. Everybody had said (after the Champagne) that if *The Deputy* was not put upon the stage, it would be a loss to the metropolis, though if it was so, it could not possibly be better acted than it had been under our humble roof.

You may imagine, perhaps, good reader, that there is nothing more to be told; but I am sorry to say you are mistaken. The success of my dramatic trifle gave me a temporary interest in the theatres, and I attended them more than once. On one occasion when my own people happened to be going out to a concert (a thing I detest), I asked Tom to dine with me at the club, and afterward to go to the play.

"What play is it on which you have set your affections?" asked Tom, as we were discussing our fish.

"Oh," said I, "I have got two stalls for the Variety; there's a very pretty piece, they tell me, going on there."

"Oh, I don't think you'll like *that*, uncle," observed Tom, turning very pale.

"What's the matter?" said I, thinking the salmon was disagreeing with him.

"Well, I don't think that play will please you. I think we'd better go somewhere else."

"Stuff and nonsense! It's a very proper play. Old Dudgeon told me he had taken his wife and family to see it, and I am sure he is particular enough."

"You'll do as you please," replied Tom, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Of course I shall," said I; and we went.

It was a lively play enough—though certainly without the wit of *The Deputy;* but the remarkable point about it was one of the players.

"Why, bless my soul and body!" cried I, as the heroine entered, "that's Miss Kate Kemble!"

"No, no," said Tom; "she's only very like her; it's an accidental coincidence."

But I saw her distinctly give a nod of recognition to Tom and an unmistakable smile to me.

"Good heavens!" said I; "I shall never forgive myself, Tom, if that poor girl's success at our house should have induced her to go upon the stage in defiance of her family. What must the canon think of his old friend—"

"My dear uncle, she has nothing to do with the canon," interrupted Tom, struggling with an inward convulsion of laughter. "She is a very good girl, but she is a professional actress, and not Miss Kemble at all. Of course we could not have procured *her* services at a moment's notice, even if we had bespoken them, which we had not thought it worth while to do. You were right of course, as you always are, uncle; but we did not take the precautions you suggested. When the Symonds broke her leg, there was nothing for it but to engage yonder excellent young woman, which accordingly I did. I told my aunt and the girls all about it, but we thought it best not to tell *you;* for though the young lady is highly respectable, and her father's an architect, you might have made objections."

"You abominable young scoundrel," said I, "how dared you do such a thing?"

"Well, I thought anything was preferable to making a failure of your excellent play. There has been no harm done, after all; though under the circumstances it was a misfortune that your old friendship with her supposed father, the canon, should have carried you to—at least I think I saw you—"

"Dear me," said I, growing red all over, "so I did: I really believe I kissed her. Well, well; let by-gones be by-gones, and don't let us say anything more about it to anybody."

So I forgave Tom upon the understanding that he should never tell; and my wife and the girls do not know to this hour that *I* know how shamefully they tricked me; and, above all, my brother Jack doesn't know, or else I should never hear the last of the "small end of the wedge," and what came of our private theatricals.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Another fatal case of yellow fever occurred a short time ago in Brooklyn, under circumstances worthy of mention, as showing the absolute necessity of extreme vigilance if this disease is to be shut out of Northern cities. The bark *Wallace* reached Quarantine from Havana on July 2. Three seamen were sick, who were sent to the hospital, but growing better, were discharged in nine days. The vessel was unloaded, scrubbed, the bottom timbers scraped, the stone ballast renewed, and also she was twice thoroughly fumigated. Then, after fifteen days' detention at Quarantine, she was allowed to go up the East River to take in a cargo of oil from the Astral Oil-Works. The stewardess soon became ill, was removed to the Presbyterian Hospital, where she died from yellow fever. The *Wallace* was then ordered back to Quarantine. Meanwhile, however, a lad of sixteen, employed as clerk in the oil factory, had been sent on board the *Wallace* several times, and a week after the death of the stewardess he was taken ill, and died, in a few days, of yellow fever. Notwithstanding the supposed thorough cleansing and disinfecting of the vessel, it is now believed that some fever germ must have been lodged in some part that could not be reached by the ordinary means.

The health authorities seem to have neglected no duty, but the facts mentioned prove that great care and vigilance are constantly needed. The moment a vessel arrives at Quarantine a health officer goes on board, and he receives from its surgeon a statement of the health of all on board. The officer also makes a personal inspection of the passengers, particularly of those in the steerage. If the vessel comes from an infected port, or if any trace of contagious disease is found, the whole interior of the ship is disinfected, and she is ordered to Upper Quarantine; the sick are removed to the hospital; the cargo is fumigated and removed by those employed at Quarantine in the discharge of vessels; the vessel is then scrubbed throughout, and the hold fumigated and whitewashed, before any outgoing cargo can be put on board. This work is designed to be so thorough that no possibility may remain of any hidden infectious germ by which disease could be spread. But so insidious are these germs that even this thorough system of disinfection sometimes fails to be efficient.

Not long ago probably a few thousand dollars would have been sufficient to buy the whole of Coney Island. Now it is said that many millions of dollars are invested in improvements there, and every day thousands of persons visit it.

Fourteen thousand distressed inhabitants of Pará, Brazil, have revolted in consequence of the stoppage of supplies for their relief.

Seventy-five cases of cholera are reported among Europeans at Candahar, Afghanistan.

Weather changes suddenly in these days. The first Sunday in August was distressingly hot in these parts; the second Sunday was so cool that fires were found comfortable in hotel parlors at Newport and at other resorts, and even a slight frost was reported at Saratoga.

The town of Serajevo, capital of Bosnia, a large section of which was recently destroyed by fire, has a variously estimated population of from 45,000 to 60,000. The houses are chiefly built of wood, which accounts for the rapid spread of the conflagration. Among the public buildings are—perhaps we should say *were,* since the fire—about one hundred mosques, several Greek and Roman churches, and many school buildings. Serajevo was occupied by the Austrians on August 17, 1878, after the conclusion of the Treaty of Berlin.

They are talking of running a cable across the river at Niagara Falls, from which a car may be hung above and in front of the cataract.

It is stated in the New York *Tribune* that the Teachers' Committee of the Rochester Board of Education has recently recommended that the salaries of school-teachers be lowered—that from $25 to $50 be taken from each one. By this arrangement it is said that "the highest salary paid to the female teacher of longest experience and greatest capacity in Rochester is exactly the noble sum of $450 a year."

Apropos, we make two brief quotations from a sermon preached a few weeks ago by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, portions of which have appeared in the *Christian Union:*

"There is no profession so exacting, none that breaks men down so early, as that of faithful teaching; and there is no economy so penurious, and no policy so intolerably mean, as that by which the custodians of public affairs screw down to the starvation point the small wages of men and women who are willing to devote their time and strength to teaching the young. In political movements thousands of dollars can be squandered, but for the teaching of the children of the people the cheapest teachers must be had, and their pay must be reduced whenever a reduction of expenses is necessary. If salaries ever should be ample, it is in the profession of school-teaching. If there is one place where we ought to induce people to make their profession a life business, it is in the teaching of schools."

* * * * * * *

"Oh, those who are to be taught are nothing but children!—*your* children, *my* children, *God's* children, the sweetest and dearest and most sacred ones in life. At the very age when angels would be honored to serve them, that is the time when we put them into the hands of persons who are not prepared by disposition to be teachers, and who are not educated for teaching, and who are continually bribed, as it were, by the miserable wages that are given them, to leave their teaching as soon as they acquire a little experience. It is a shame, a disgrace to the American people, a disgrace to American Christianity."

The College of Pharmacy of the City of New York—209 and 211 East Twenty-third Street—has established an office for the examination and verification of weights and measures of precision. Balances and standard sets of troy and decimal weights have been procured by the college, and compared with the United States standards; and these will be used in the verification of decimal and troy, or apothecaries' weights. Apothecaries should avail themselves of this opportunity to have their weights tested. Many of the cheaper weights in the market are wholly unfit to be used by pharmacists.

Cotton is no longer "king." For the first time, we believe, in the history of our country, the exportations of breadstuffs and provisions have this year exceeded in value those of cotton and tobacco. For eleven months, ending May 30, 1879, the exports were as follows: Breadstuffs, $192,000,000; cotton, $159,000,000; provisions, $107,000,000; tobacco, $27,000,000.

The *Boston Post* has evidently had it severely, otherwise how could it have produced the following melancholy (melon-choly) strain:

> "Those midnight yells—those midnight yells—
> How sad a tale their music tells
> Of melons green, of apples hard,
> Of peaches that should be debarred!
> What touching accents these produce,
> More mellow than the melon juice.
> The human stomach little knows
> Of greater ills than colic woes,
> And to the world its anguish tells
> By midnight yells, shrill midnight yells."

A new method of staining wood a pleasing color is by applying a strong solution of permanganate of potash for a few moments, then carefully washing, drying, and polishing in the usual way.

It is delightful, after having been jostled about in the Fifth Avenue omnibus until you are quite weary, to ride quietly and smoothly over the block of asphalt pavement in front of the Hotel Brunswick, which has been recently laid by the Neuchatel Asphalt Company, of London. We are informed that this pavement consists of a foundation of concrete made of Portland cement, broken stone, and sand several inches thick, upon which powdered limestone, impregnated with bitumen, and heated very hot, is spread. It is then compressed with heated rollers. It is stated that this kind of pavement has been laid in Paris, London, Berlin, Vienna, Hamburg, and other European cities, and wears admirably. It is now to be tried for the first time in New York. It would be a blessing if there could be some durable substitute for our noisy pavements.

The Poet Laureate of England has reached the age of seventy years.

Szegedin, the Hungarian city which was almost utterly destroyed by floods last March, is still so much afflicted by high water that it can not be rebuilt this year. The inhabitants cling to their homes, refusing to go to more eligible places, but will be obliged to live in wooden barracks during the coming winter. Many projects are under consideration for the prevention of such disasters in the future, but as yet little of practical value has been done. Some engineers believe that the best relief would be obtained by deepening the channel of the Danube at the Iron Gates, the famous pass through which that great river crosses the Carpathian Mountains, at the point where Hungary, Servia, and Roumania meet.

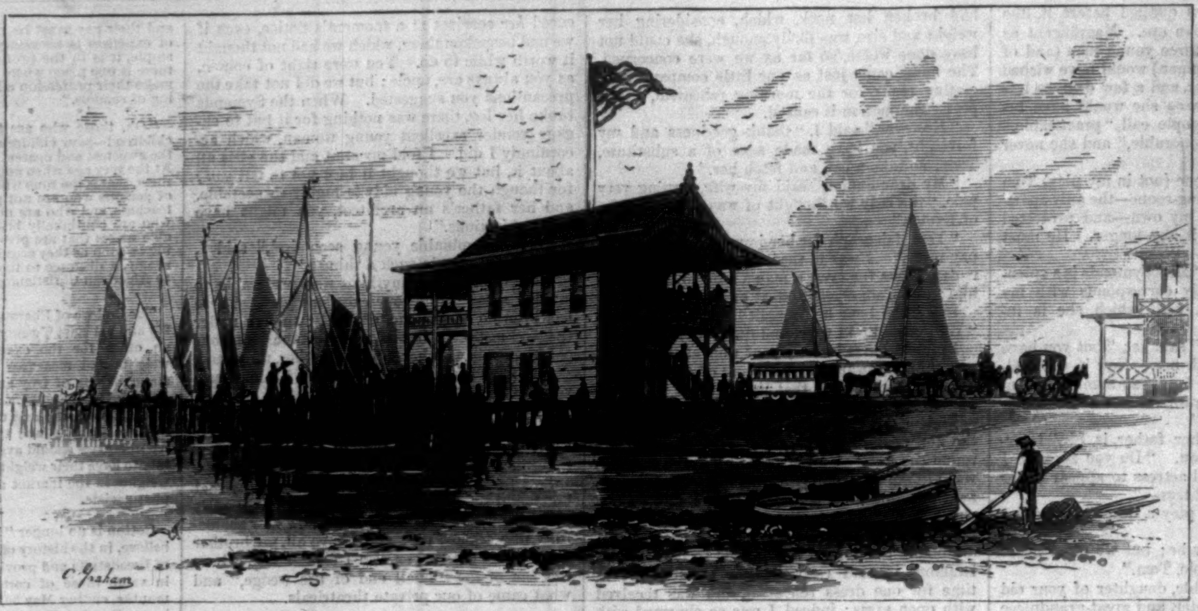
Who will be responsible if from overcrowding of Sunday excursion boats there is a fearful accident some day? If we have good and wise laws for the protection of life, why should they not be enforced?

The "cental system," as it is called, is not yet fully developed. Although in some localities and to a certain extent it has really been practiced in mercantile business for years, the name is new—not even Webster's Unabridged defines "cental"—and the complete adoption of the system as a basis of trade will involve various changes in State laws. Not long ago the New York Produce Exchange decided by ballot to employ the cental system instead of the bushel in all their transactions after October 1, 1879. The members of the Boston Produce Exchange have resolved to follow this example. Circulars have been sent to commercial bodies throughout the country by the New York Exchange, asking their co-operation in this matter, and the Subsistence Department of the government makes no objection to adopting it.

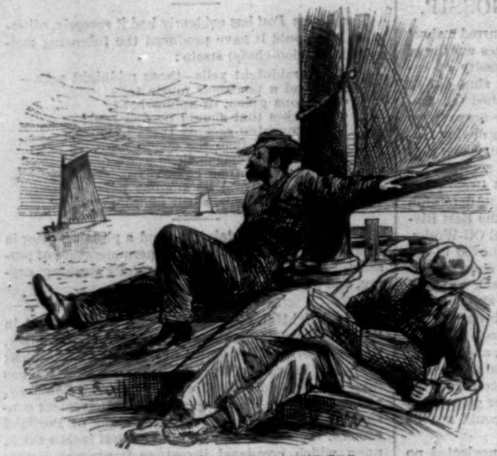
It has long been a practice among some large dealers to buy and sell certain articles by the one hundred pounds weight, and to pay on that, as the unit of weight, charges for transportation. This has been to some extent the case in regard to grain, yet, as traders usually adhere to the conventional bushel in grain, seeds, etc., a double computation must be made, involving much labor. The average bushel of wheat is *nominally* sixty pounds in weight, and when a man buys 5000 bushels of wheat he expects to receive 300,000 pounds; yet if the wheat actually weighs more than fifty-eight pounds to the bushel it is above the average quality, and if of *poor* quality it weighs much less. Variations in the number of pounds which constitute a bushel in different localities cause perplexity also. In New York and in some other States, for example, the law gives thirty-two pounds to each bushel of oats, but some other States are not as generous—perhaps because in fact not more than thirty pounds will ordinarily go into a bushel measure. Consequently the system of *measuring* grain seems absurd, if its *weight* is to be regarded at all, and brings much extra labor upon commission merchants. Numerous liquids, as syrups, oils, etc., vary much in weight, according to their quality, in some articles the better quality being lighter, and in others heavier, and it seems as reasonable to buy and sell them by the pound, as well as potatoes, eggs, etc., as it is sugar, coffee, and rice.

ON THE JERSEY COAST.

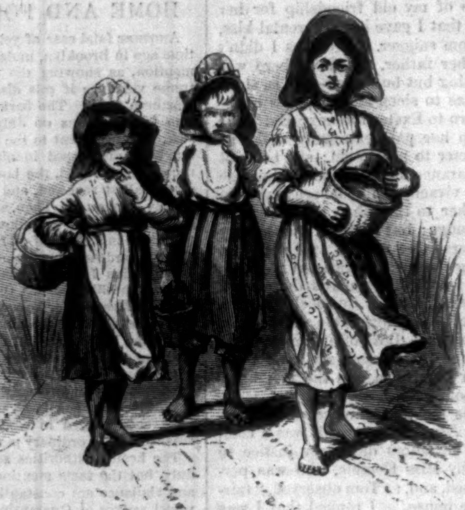
During the summer season the Inlet at Atlantic City is a lively and picturesque place. It is the objective point alike of residents and excursionists, and the haven of the sloopmen who exist in a semi-amphibious way along the New Jersey coast. They can make more by purveying to the whims of gay sailing parties than by fishing for a market with hook and line. They can provide everything but a breeze; and our artist, to whose pencil we are indebted for these scraps from his portfolio, is of the opinion that the wind takes a malicious pleasure in getting parties out to sea, and leaving them there to broil and swelter in the sun. Parties on shore have much the best of it. They can read their papers under the shelter of bluff or boat, and can get up and walk if they want to change their position. But on a becalmed sail-boat one is a close prisoner, and often subject to additional annoyances that spoil the temper of the most good-natured of mortals. The skipper almost invariably fails to supply a sufficient quantity of ice-water; one's tobacco or cigars fall short, or he finds he has left his matches on shore. When the wind finally wakes up, and allows one to escape, the sense of relief can be appreciated only by those who have had a similar experience.



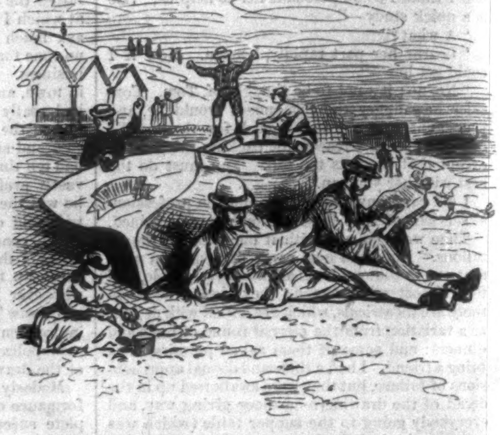
ATLANTIC CITY—THE INLET.



WAITING FOR A BREEZE.

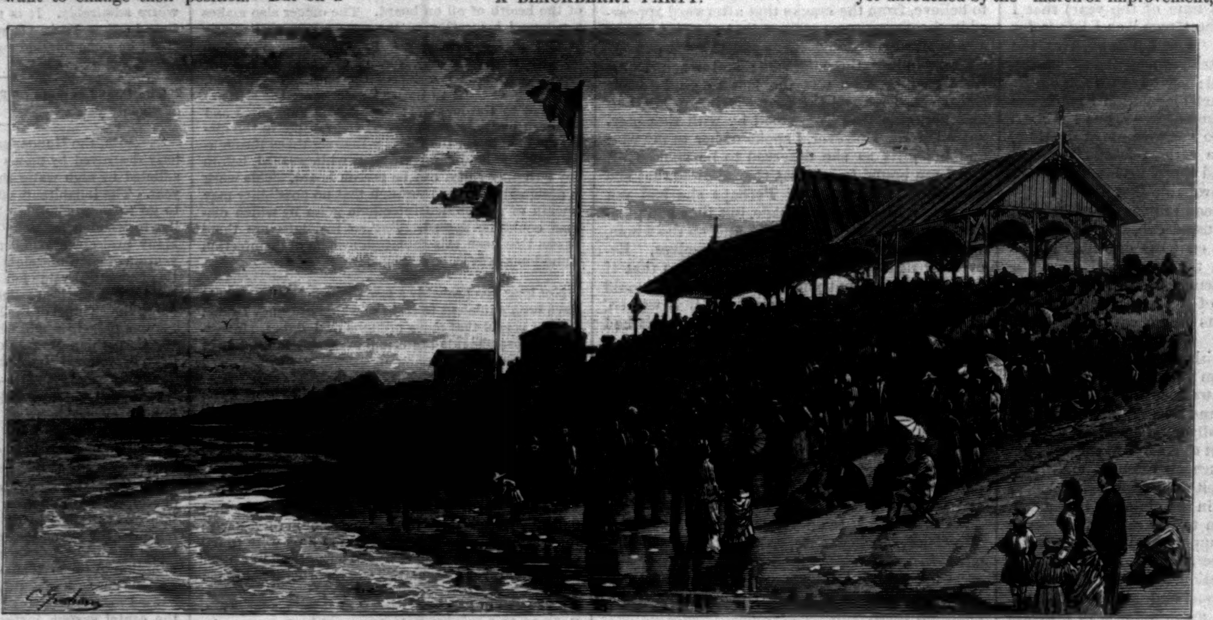


A BLACKBERRY PARTY.



AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF THE MORNING PAPERS.

One of our sketches shows a beach meeting at Ocean Grove. This is a large and scattered place, which offers its lake, with the Shark River thrown in, as an additional attraction. A fine driveway extends along the margin of a sloping bluff, bordered by numbers of unusually artistic and expensive villas. A fine greensward has been coaxed into being about many of these.

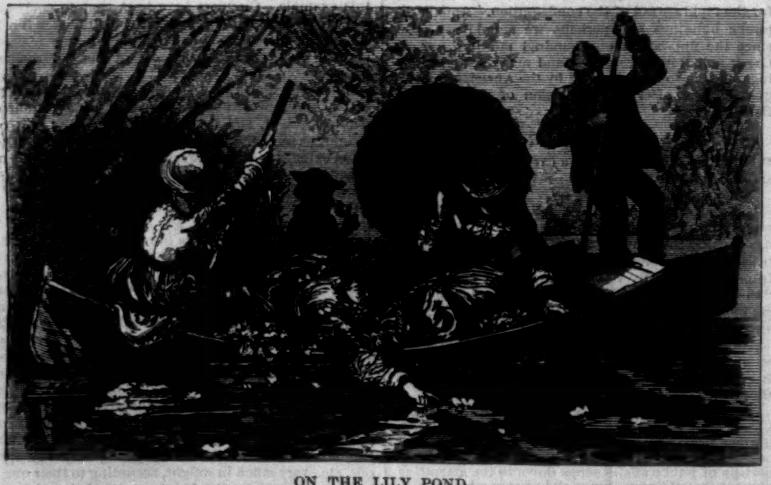


AT OCEAN GROVE—MEETING ON THE BEACH.

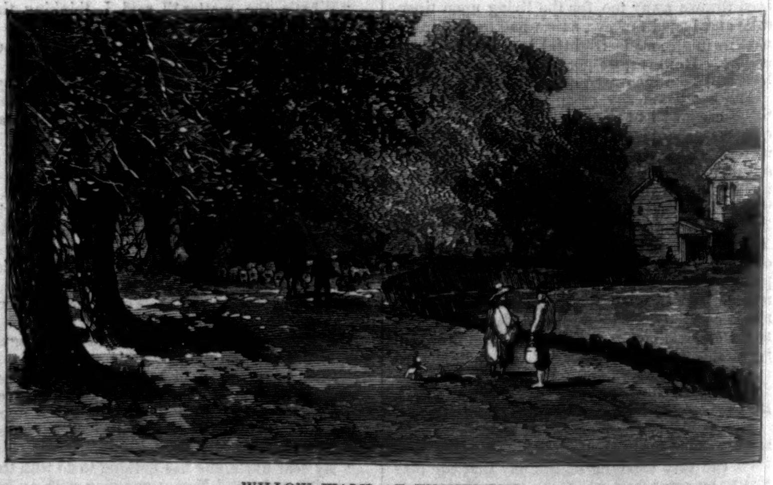
Ocean Grove owes its origin to the energy of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Its great central pavilion of worship is thronged with frequent worshippers, and upon its margin are grouped the official tents or residences of its promoters. The beach meeting held upon Sunday evening at the large pavilion at the foot of the main avenue, where the spray often dashes its saline benison over the audience, affords a sublime spectacle. Its thousands of silent auditors, its inspiring hymns led by bugle note, its prayer, almost unheard above the sound of the swelling sea, all impress one in a manner which no pomp of in-door ceremonial could possibly effect.

Another sketch shows the pretty and picturesque willow walk at Tuckerton—a place as yet untouched by the "march of improvement," as the builders of new-fangled, many-gabled sea-side villas are fond of terming their work. Tuckerton is, therefore, an artistic gem. Its vistas are through broad-limbed ranks of maples shading gray weather-beaten homes, past huge bristling willows, and across the slack-water of a cedar swamp, where the most marvellous sunsets are mirrored, and tufted moss dangles from the miniature woodland growth upon its upper edge. A space between the saw and grist mills shows the creek, with its groups of cat-rigs, sloops, garvies, and sneak-boats, down to the "clam factory," and the copse where aboriginal epicures heaped a monument of bivalvular remains.

A large proportion of the males of Tuckerton—fathers, brothers, and sons—are away coasting or trading in "furrin parts," for this

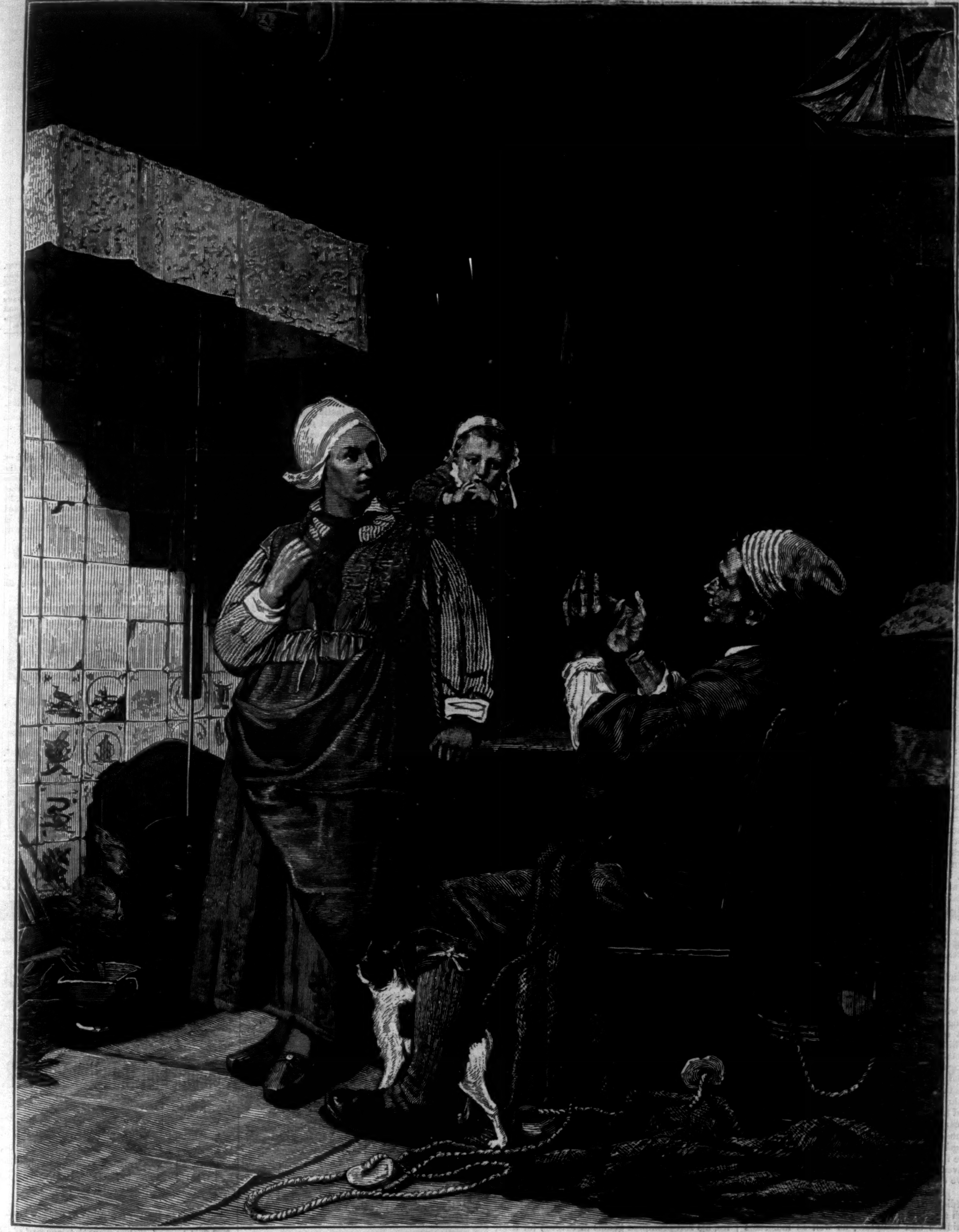


ON THE LILY POND.



WILLOW WALK AT TUCKERTON.

BITS OF NEW JERSEY COAST SCENERY.—From Sketches by F. H. Taylor.



"A GERMAN FISHER FAMILY."—From the Painting by C. Lorck.

is a veritable sailors' "snug harbor." Of the rest, the majority, as we walked along the main street, were anxiously discussing the points of a trial proceeding within a small and dingy building called by courtesy the court-house. A man complained of his neighbors for fishing with a net. It is illegal to catch fish otherwise than with a hook and line on the New Jersey coast during some months of the year. This was the first trial hereabout under the statute since its enactment, and was brought about through a family feud rather than from any desire to protect the fish or the fishing. The day was warm, the little room closely packed, and spectators, jury, laywers, and all, the "honorable court" only excepted, were in their shirt sleeves. It was clear enough to everybody that fishing was done as in the complaint specified, but witness after witness was called with much the same result.

Question. "Did you see these men fishing with a net upon such a date and at such a place?"

Answer. "Wa'al, I seen 'em in the boat, and I seen 'em go ashore and pull something out of the water, and it might hev bin a net, and when they kem away there was something lumpy on the starn. It might hev been a net, and agin it might hev been grass."

Whether in the end justice triumphed, and the public exchequer was duly enriched by divers fines imposed as the *net results*, is not known to the writer. It was very evident that the sympathies of the community were with the offenders against the law, as was the case in the recent whiskey trials in North Carolina.

PRECOCIOUS CLEVERNESS.

Precocious cleverness is not unfrequently believed to foreshadow a career the reverse of brilliant, and is believed by many to presage an early death. The vanity and greed on the part of parents sometimes inducing them to make the most of gifts unusually developed in their children, to the overtaxing of such infantile genius, may account for a belief of this nature. But many instances may nevertheless be brought forward to prove the fallibility of an assumption so unfavorable.

Such youthful prodigies as Pope, Cowley, Campbell, Montgomery, Master Betty the young Roscius, Buxton, Bidder, and the "Learned Child of Lübeck," for instance, are doubtless familiar to our readers; but there are other examples of early development of talent that may not be so well known. Take the case of James Ferguson, the astronomer and mechanist. He was a native of Banffshire in Scotland, and though only the son of a laborer, his extraordinary genius quickly displayed itself. He learned to read in infancy by hearing his father teach one of his brothers; and when only eight years of age he is said to have constructed a wooden clock. Employed when old enough as a farm-servant, he was sent out to keep sheep, in which humble situation he acquired, we are told, a surprising knowledge of the stars. His abilities being discovered by some neighboring gentlemen, one of them took him to his house and taught him the rudiments of mathematics. He afterward published some astronomical works and gave lectures in experimental philosophy, which met with great success.

Seldom are the indications of genius in youth so apparent as they were in the case of Theodore Hook. At seventeen he produced his first drama, *The Soldier's Return*, which was speedily followed by other operatic pieces, nearly all of which were successful. These, with a host of piquant articles in the *Satirist* magazine and other periodicals, were hit off before his twenty-fifth year. His reputation as a man of rare accomplishments and pre-eminently convivial talents is well known.

The extraordinary precocity sometimes displayed by great musicians like Mozart may here be alluded to. Before he was eight years of age, Mendelssohn excited the wonder of his teachers by the accuracy of his ear, the strength of his memory, and, above all, by his incredible facility in playing music at sight. Meyerbeer at the tender age of six played at a concert, and three years later was one of the best pianists at Berlin; while the genius of Beethoven showed itself so early that his musical education was commenced by his father at the age of five. When two years younger than this, Samuel Wesley the musician could play extempore music on the organ; and the distinguished German musical composer Robert Schumann also showed at a very early age a strong passion for music, and remarkable talents both for playing and composing. Though he lost the use of his right hand at the very outset of his studies, he worked on with a giant's strength, struggling against all obstacles "with uncompromising devotion to what he conceived to be the highest interests of art."

Something of the same early development of musical abilities displayed itself in the case of Cipriani Potter, distinguished as a composer and pianist; and Henrietta Sontag, a famous singer of her time, trod the boards when a child, and was prima donna of the Berlin stage and the idol of the capital before she was eighteen. The great vocalist who has passed from our midst, Madame Tietjens, is also said to have given indications of promising musical talents from earliest infancy. Before she could speak, she would hum the opening notes of Auber's opera *Fra Diavolo*. When a toddling child, she used to create great amusement by her efforts to sing and play, and was quite content to be allowed to wander amongst the instruments of a neighboring piano-forte manufacturer's warehouse and make music after her own fashion—music which was recognized by one at least of those who heard it as more than the strumming of a child.

A rarity even in these go-ahead days was a concert given not very long since by a pianist of five and a half years old, and therefore Mademoiselle Jeanne Douste's *matinée* at the Langham Hall had powerful attractions for those interested in musical affairs. Little Jeanne Douste, a marvel of precocity, plays with all the steadiness and confidence of a practiced professional, and is free from the drawbacks which generally mark the performances of juvenile prodigies. The child-pianist's rendering of the works of composers like Haydn and Mozart is said to have been truly remarkable, alike for unwavering accuracy and apparent ease of manipulation. Whether the extraordinary promise evinced by this child will be substantiated in the future, time alone can show; at present, however, her powers are wonderful, her practical skill and artistic taste being far in advance of her years.

Instances of early exhibition of great mental powers amongst British poets and authors are well known; but "earth's sweet singers" and writers have, in other lands, not seldom given similar evidences of precocious cleverness. Metastasio, an eminent Italian poet, when only ten years of age displayed such a talent for extemporizing in verse as to attract the notice of the celebrated Gravina, who took him under his protection. The young poet, being thus placed in easy circumstances, devoted himself to his favorite study, and under the guidance of the celebrated singer Maria Romanina (afterward Bulgarelli), created the modern Italian opera. The most celebrated dramatic poet of Scandinavia, Adam Oehlenschlaeger, when quite a child evinced great skill in writing verses. Even in his ninth year he wrote short comedies for private theatricals in which the child-performers were himself, his sister, and a friend. Throughout his life he displayed strong feelings and great earnestness of purpose, which gained him universal respect while he lived, and more than regal honors at his death.

John O'Keefe, a well-known dramatist, at the age of fifteen wrote a comedy in five acts. Among his early productions was a kind of histrionic monologue called *Tony Lumpkin's Rambles through Dublin*, which afforded him abundant scope for the exhibition of broad humor, and was received with applause not only in Dublin, his native city, but at the Haymarket Theatre, London. He subsequently produced nearly fifty comedies, comic operas, and farces, many of which acquired a flattering popularity.

Painters and sculptors, as well as musicians and authors, can show many cases of precocious cleverness in their annals. Princess Marie of Orleans, daughter of Louis Philippe, evinced from childhood a remarkable love of the fine arts, especially of sculpture. This branch of art she cultivated with a zeal and assiduity that soon gave her a prominent place among the most distinguished artists of her time. Her marvellous statue of Joan of Arc in the Museum of Versailles was finished before she reached her twentieth year. She also produced numerous bass-reliefs, busts, and statuettes of rare beauty and excellence.

There are many persons who, if we are to place full credence in their biographers, must have been extraordinary marvels of precocity and cleverness. Anne Maria Schurmann, for example, who was the boast of Germany, was one of this description. At the age of six, and without instruction, she cut in paper the most delicate figures; at eight, she learned in a few days to paint flowers, which, it should be added, were highly esteemed; and two years later it cost her only five hours' application to learn the art of embroidering with elegance. Her talents for higher attainments, we are told, did not develop themselves till she was twelve years of age, when they were discovered in the following manner. Her brothers were studying in the apartment where she sat, and it was noticed that whenever their memories failed in the recital of their lessons, the little girl prompted them without any previous knowledge of their tasks except what she had gained from hearing the boys con them over. In her education she made extraordinary progress, and is said to have perfectly understood the German, Low-Dutch, French, English, Latin, Greek, Italian, Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldean, Arabic, and Ethiopian languages. Her knowledge of science and her skill in music, painting, and sculpture were also extraordinary; and her talent for modelling was shown by the wax portrait she contrived to make of herself with the aid of a mirror. When it is added that her letters were not only valuable for the elegance of their style but for the beauty of the written characters, which caused the said epistles to be preserved as cabinet curiosities, we may judge what a prodigy of cleverness was foreshadowed by the talents she displayed as a child.

In *A Father's Memoirs of his Child*, by Dr. Malkin, it is just possible that the "trivial fond records" of a precocious child may be dwelt upon with a minuteness betraying the partiality of a parent. Whether it is thought so or not in the present case, the biographer has furnished plenty of evidence to prove the extraordinary talents of his son. He tells us that Thomas Malkin learned to read, spell, and write with a rapidity that can scarcely be credited, and that on attaining the age of three years he wrote a letter to his mother with a pencil, and others to some of his relatives a few months afterward. A year later he had learned the Greek alphabet, and had so far advanced in Latin as to write an exercise every day with a considerable degree of accuracy. He drew maps and heads with correctness, wrote fables in his seventh year, and made some respectable attempts at poetical composition. His fertile imagination was displayed in his idea of an imaginary country called "Allestone," of which he gave vivid and intelligent descriptions. He wrote part of its history in a number of letters and tales, and drew a map of this fanciful kingdom, giving names of his own invention to the principal mountains, rivers, sea-port towns, and villages. This was, however, one of the last efforts of his genius, for this youthful prodigy died before he was seven years of age.

John Barretier is declared to have been master of five languages when he was only nine years of age. In his eleventh year he published a learned letter in Latin, and translated the travels of Rabbi Benjamin from the Hebrew into the French. Four years later the fame of his learning and writings attracted the notice of the King of Prussia, who sent for him to court. When passing through Halle on his journey, he so distinguished himself in his conversation with the professors of the university that they offered him the degree of Doctor in Philosophy. The whole university was delighted and amazed with his wit and knowledge; and on his arrival at Berlin the king honored him with peculiar marks of distinction, declaring that such abilities, properly cultivated, might exalt Barretier in ten years to be the greatest minister of state in Europe. But the young philosopher was not dazzled with such prospects, and returned to Halle to pursue his studies. His health unfortunately gave way in his nineteenth year, and after lingering for eighteen months he died—another illustration of the expression, "Too clever to live long."

Another prodigy was Dorothy Schlozer, a Hanoverian lady, who was thought worthy of the highest academical honors of the university of Göttingen, and had the degree of Doctor in Philosophy conferred upon her when she was only seventeen years of age. Before she was three years old she was taught Low-German, and three years later learned French and German; and after receiving ten lessons in geometry, was able to answer abstruse questions. Other languages were next acquired with singular rapidity; and before she was fourteen she knew Latin and Greek, and had become a good classical scholar. She also made herself acquainted with almost every branch of polite literature, as well as many of the sciences. As an instance of this lady's indefatigable industry, it may be mentioned that she visited the deepest mines in the Harz Forest in the common garb of a laborer to gain proficiency in mineralogy.

It is said that Blaise Pascal, one of the most profound thinkers and accomplished writers of France, exhibited precocious proofs of genius, especially in mathematics, from his earliest childhood. Having been purposely kept in ignorance of geometry, lest his propensity in that direction should interfere with the prosecution of other studies, his self-prompted genius discovered for itself the elementary truths of the forbidden science. When quite a boy, he was discovered by his father in the act of demonstrating on the pavement of an old hall where he used to play, and by means of a rude diagram he traced with a piece of coal a proposition which corresponded to the thirty-second of the First Book of Euclid. At the age of sixteen he composed a tractate on conic sections, which excited great admiration. Three years later he invented his celebrated arithmetical machine; and at the age of twenty-six he had composed the greater part of his mathematical works, and made those brilliant experiments in hydrostatics and pneumatics which ranked him amongst the first natural philosophers of his time.

From such examples, then, it will be seen that precocious cleverness has not in by any means every case betokened for the possessors either an unsuccessful life or an early death.

On the other hand, however, we are inclined to think that the early development of unusual talent is but too frequently fraught with evil results to its possessor. At an age when he ought to be mingling with his fellows at school and joining in their pastimes, the "prodigy" is poring over books of abstruse science, or perhaps racking his young brain in thinking out some new mathematical problem, or perfecting some intricate machine. His self-imposed studies engross a great section of the time that might be more fitly employed in needful recreation or in sleep. The triumphs he may be presently achieving, or which he is yet to gain, are too frequently purchased at the expense of the joys which Nature gives to her more soberly endowed children.

DANTE'S TWO GUIDES.

Of Virgil, and the unique position assigned to him in the Middle Ages, it is impossible here to speak at length. Almost from the first publication of the Æneid, and down to the time when the revival of learning re-opened the treasures of Greek literature to Western Europe, Virgil reigned in the Latin countries supreme and unchallenged over the domain of poetry and scholarship. Within two generations of his own lifetime altars were raised to him, by enthusiastic disciples, as to a deity. When Christianity spread, his supposed prediction of Christ in one of the Eclogues endowed him with the character of a prophet, and a magic efficacy had already been attributed to verses taken from his works. Throughout the Middle Ages his fame still grew as the supreme arbiter in every field of literature, and as the repositary of more than human knowledge, while fantastic legends clustered round his name as the great magician and necromancer. To Dante there must also have been a special fascination in the imperial scope and sympathies of the Æneid, for Virgil is pre-eminently the poet of the Roman Empire. But we must not pause to follow out this subject here. Suffice it that Dante felt for Virgil a reverence so deep, an admiration so boundless, and an affection so glowing, that he became to him the very type of human wisdom and excellence, the first agent of his rescue from the maze of passion and error in which his life had been entangled.

But Beatrice, the loved and lost, was the symbol and the channel of a higher wisdom, a diviner grace. She it was round whose sweet memory gathered the noblest purposes and truest wisdom of the poet's life. If ever he suffered the intensity of his devotion to truth and virtue for a moment to relax; if ever, as he passed amongst luxurious courts, some siren voice soothed his cares with a moment of unworthy forgetfulness and ignoble ease; if ever he suffered meaner cares or projects to draw him aside so much as in thought from his great mission, then it was Beatrice's glorified image that recalled him in tears of bitter shame and penitence to the path of pain, of effort, and of glory. It was her love that had rescued him from the fatal path; Virgil was but her agent and emissary, and his mission was complete when he had led him to her. Human wisdom and virtue could guide him through Hell and Purgatory, could show him the misery of sin and the need of purifying pain and fire; but it was only in Beatrice's presence that he could *feel* the utter hatefulness and shame of an unworthy life, could *feel* the blessedness of heaven.

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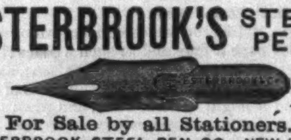

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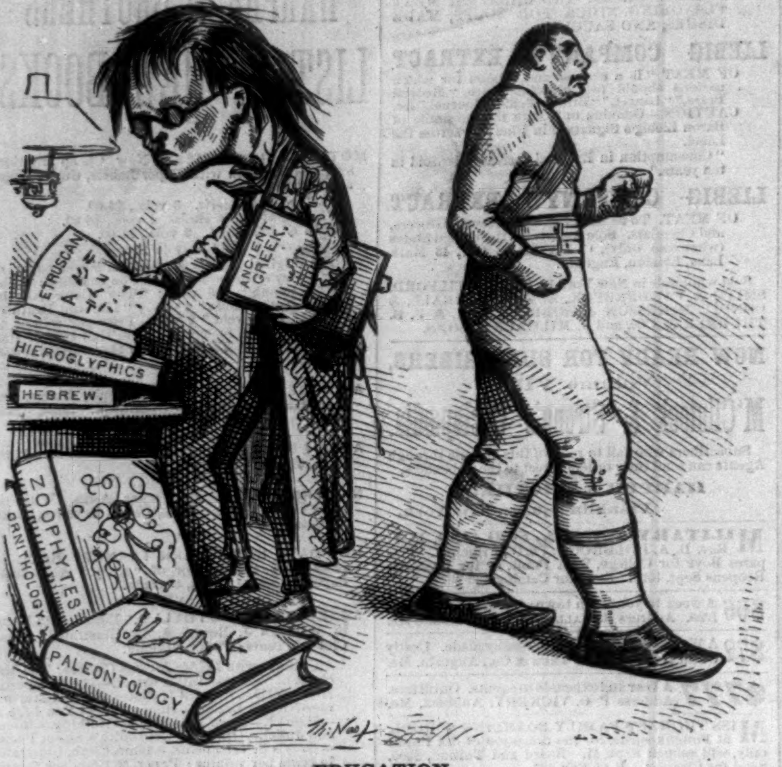

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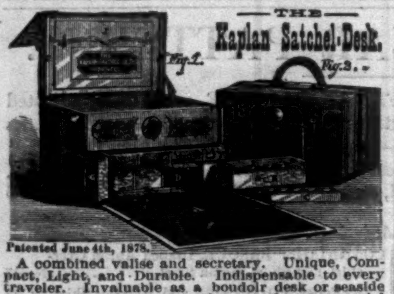

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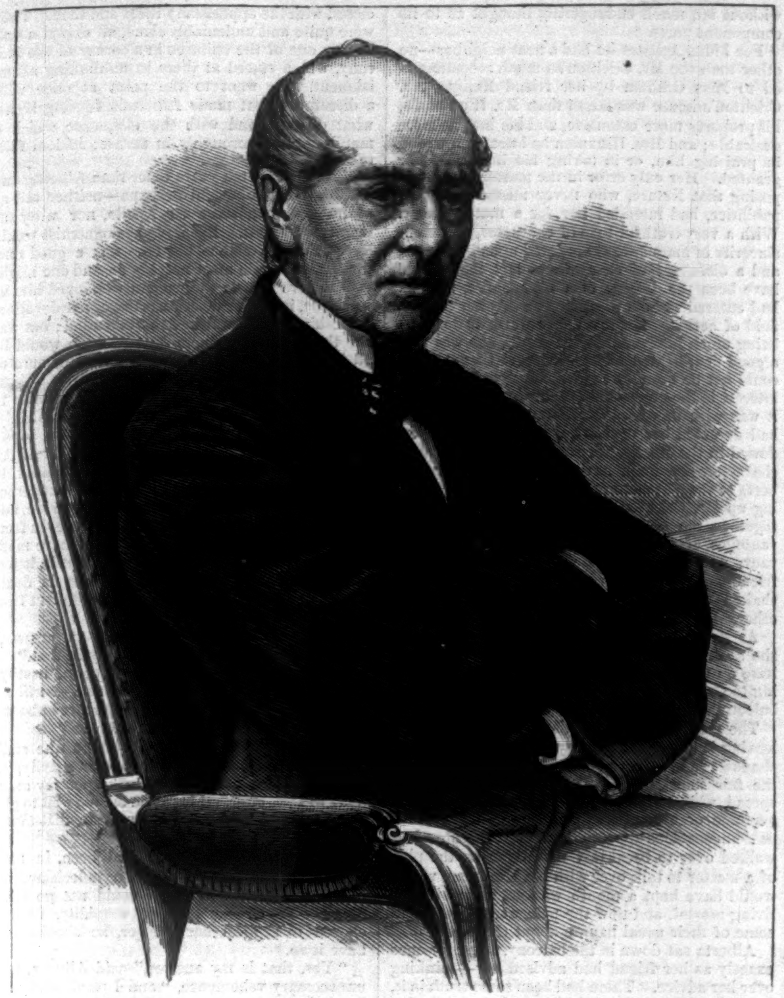


CHARLES JAMES MATHEWS.

CHARLES JAMES MATHEWS.

Popularity, rather than fame, is the word that must be used in describing the achievements of Charles James Mathews as an actor. Knowing this, and conceiving that the large number of friends he had made on both sides of the Atlantic, in Australia, and indeed in any part of the world where an English-speaking audience could be gathered together, would be interested in the details of his life, he had collected a vast amount of material which he proposed to use in writing an autobiography. Unfortunately only a part of this work was completed when he died. In its place, however, we have an interesting volume just given to the public by the Harpers, bearing the somewhat elaborate title, *The Life of Charles James Mathews, chiefly Autobiographical, with Selections from his Correspondence and Speeches.* Edited by Charles Dickens.

Mr. Dickens, upon whom the mantle of his father has not fallen in the way of originality, has achieved considerable reputation as an editor and a compiler, and to the careful and judicious manner with which this book has been put together we owe the preservation of much of the charm which Mathews's own work would have had for us had he lived to accomplish it. In preparing for the press the autobiographical chapters which were left by the late actor, and in selecting from among the very large mass of his papers and letters such documents as he thought would best illustrate his life, Mr. Dickens has kept one object steadily in view. It has been his endeavor throughout to discover, from the indications left by Mathews, on what lines he would probably have constructed the work had he lived to complete it, and especially, where it was at all possible, to allow him to tell his own story in his own way and in his own words. With but very few exceptions every letter or paper included or quoted in these volumes was found in the box marked "Materials for the Book," which was intrusted to his care by the actor's family after his death.

Naturally the autobiographical chapters are the most entertaining in the whole volume. They could scarcely have been otherwise unless Mathews had entirely parted with his own individuality; but that he has not done so is shown in the first paragraph he writes, wherein he sums up his own philosophy, and describes with charming ingenuousness the nature of the favor wherewith the world regards him. "Gibbon, the historian," he tells us, "was said to have had no nose at all, only an apology for one, and Cibber calls his autobiography, in the same sense, an 'apology' for his life, not deeming the work sufficiently complete to bear its more extended meaning. But it is not with this signification that I offer an apology for mine: I give it in its literal and simple acceptation; for if ever any man's life needed an apology, mine is the one. I have flown in the face of the world and its prejudices, have followed my own course through good and evil in my own way, have set at defiance what are generally denominated the laws of propriety, and have forfeited all claim to what is called by the world respectability. I have been put down for a reckless, extravagant, devil-may-care fellow, without principle or feeling; and though I have been fortunate enough to retain popularity through all my difficulties, and in spite of these universally believed failings, I can not shut my eyes to the conviction that I have merely enjoyed the same sort of sympathy with that granted to the scapegrace Charles Surface, and that amusement at my audacity has been in great measure the secret of the constant support and indulgence I have been favored with."

That Mathews is by any means inclined to accept the world's estimate of him, and not to make protest against it, would be expecting an amount of humility of which even the easy-going actor is incapable. That there is another side to every story no one can help believing when the story tells very much against himself, and there is a disposition in us all to exculpate ourselves when we have a chance. The writing of an autobiography is the best chance that can be had, and Mathews is not going to neglect it more than any other. The good word which he says for himself comes as a natural preface when he starts to tell the history of his life. We believe him when he says:

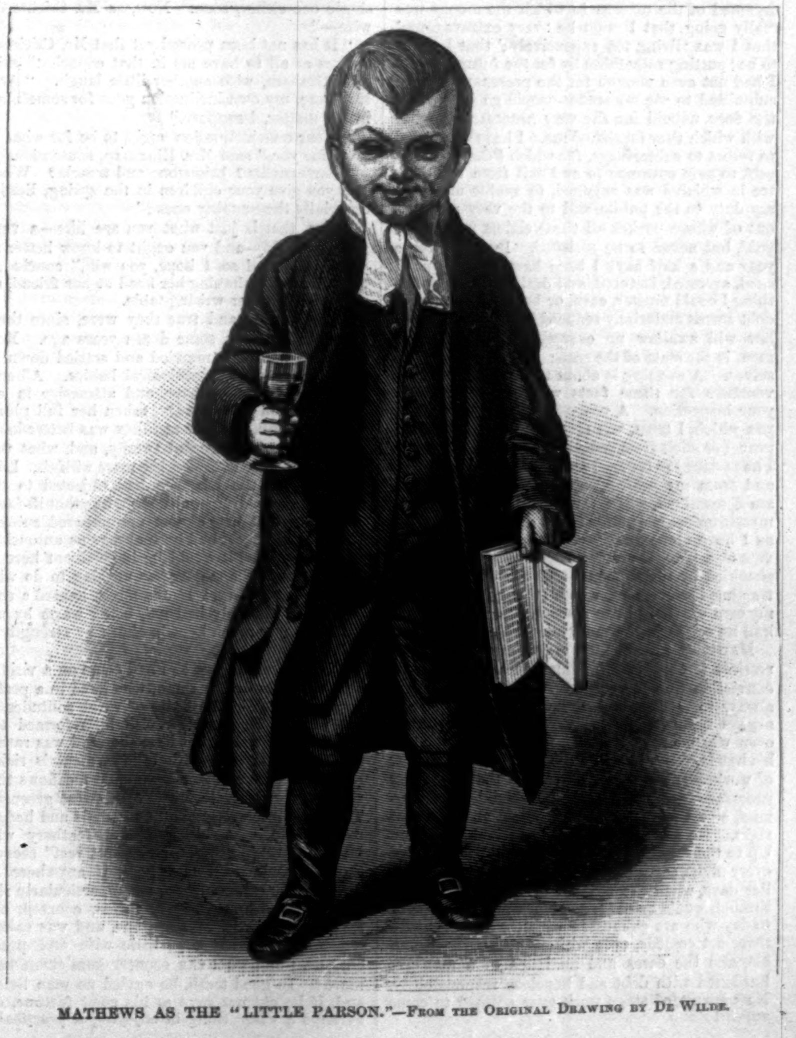
"Now I have a much better opinion of myself than the world at large entertains, and I am bold enough—or perhaps vain enough—to think that when I have told my own story, and have laid bare all the various motives and moving accidents that have swayed me in my career, it will be found I have not been such a bad fellow after all; and though a total disregard of the opinion of the world has certainly pervaded every action of my life, that disregard has only extended to what I chose to consider prejudices of society, and has never proceeded from callousness as to conduct resulting from want of honor or feeling. That I have laughed, and still laugh, at the poor, timid, conventional notions of a large portion of my fellow-men I confess, but I have the highest respect for all that is really good and worthy of admiration, and never have I for a moment lost sight of what I have considered essential to the position of a gentleman. It will be found, perhaps, as we proceed, that my notions on this subject are peculiar, and probably will not be accepted by the world. This I can't help; but at any rate, in duty to myself, I am anxious to state my case plainly, and have my character, such as it is, clearly understood. I have grinned through all my trials, and have allowed no one to witness those moments of depression and agony that I have suffered in private. With a light heart, a good digestion, a cheerful mind, excellent health, and an independent spirit, I have been able to cope with all the small ills of life that are so often magnified into irretrievable misfortunes, and preserve my equilibrium in the midst of the many social earthquakes, which, had I been a 'serious man,' and 'highly respectable,' would most probably have driven me to despair."

Mathews's father, from whom it may be said that his histrionic talent was in a measure inherited, was an actor whose successes as a comedian were the talk of the generation to which he belonged. His mother also was an actress, but the profession was distasteful to her, and she abandoned the stage at the first opportunity. She was, however, a woman of unusual talent, and the letters that passed between herself and her son form no unimportant part of the present volume. After her husband's death she published his memoirs in four amusing and interesting volumes, and was also the authoress of *Anecdotes of Actors, Tea-table Talk, Friends for the Fireside*, and a number of magazine articles on theatrical and similar subjects. No one can read her letters, or obtain even a little insight into her character, without feeling that she was a good and just woman, and that, among the many advantages with which Charles Mathews started in life may be counted one of the greatest of all, that he was trained in early life by a wise and careful mother. Indeed, it was not only to his early life that his mother's wisdom and care applied. For sixty-six years she watched over him with unceasing interest and love, and as late as 1849—when she was very ill, and when, as she supposed, the end was near—she drew up the following memorandum for her son's guidance after she should be taken from him: "I herein enjoin my beloved son to keep the following volumes always at hand in his dressing-room, on a shelf appropriated to them, and I solemnly conjure him never to omit reading some portion daily of their contents. They will be an ever-renewing source of lasting good, and will inculcate better than a mother's homilies, which are apt to be regarded as matters of course, the lessons that point to present and future happiness. They will from time to time remind him that his eternal welfare is inseparably annexed to the temporal use and acknowledgment of his Creator's goodness, accompanied by a constant homage and firm belief in the Triune God, and trust and dependence upon his blessed Saviour's merits and sacrifice, remembering that His promises are as eternal as our future state, and can only benefit those of *perfect faith* and the performance of good works. Let him remember that 'only the *just* can see God.'"

One of the most interesting chapters of the autobiography is where the actor tells the story of his first love. This occurred in boyish days, long before he made the stage a profession, which, indeed, did not take place until after his first youth was passed. The lady was Louisa Purves, a niece of Lady Blessington, from whose husband he had received great kindness. Mathews was a frequent visitor at her house, and for two years the young couple were always together in what was believed to be a brotherly and sisterly intimacy. They studied together, read Italian, and took music lessons together, and except when circumstances separated them for short periods, during which they corresponded regularly, they were never out of each other's society. At the play, at the opera, at home, they sat together, hand linked in hand, absorbed in each other. Mrs. Purves, with cruel kindness, only laughed at their romantic attachment, treating them as children, and having perfect confidence in them, took delight in witnessing their mutual affection. It was not until the time arrived for the young lady's entry into society that the idyl came to an end, and separation was decreed. The lover writes: "It was a mortal agony to both of us, and for some time I was a victim—a prey to utter despair. Amidst the pleasures of a first London season Louisa was soon reconciled to the state of affairs; and though we met frequently, as usual, there was no longer the inseparable companionship of the past, and in a short time one of the most beautiful women in London became the wife of John Fairlie. Thus ended my first attachment, and for years I lived upon the 'sweet and bitter' recollection." The episodes of his two marriages are passed over without any of the sentiment that hovers about this little love affair. On the first occasion he became the husband of Madame Vestris, who was some six years his senior. Writing in 1876 to a correspondent who had inquired the date of this event, Mathews said: "You will perhaps think the reason for my not answering you immediately rather an odd one. But the fact is, I could not for the life of me remember the date you desired. Accident has just furnished me with it. My marriage with Madame Vestris took place at Kensington Church on the 18th July, 1838." The second marriage, with Mrs. Davenport, in 1858, he announces in a letter to his mother in the following lively terms: "And now, my dearest mother, I have to announce to you an event that will surprise you, whether agreeably or not I can not yet tell. On Tuesday week last I again took unto myself a wife!—a charming woman, and I trust one that you will like. She is a delightful actress, and a great favorite. You will see by the bill I send you that she is playing here with me, and is in every way attractive. I know this news will cause you many conflicting thoughts, but I have no fear of your ultimately approving my choice and wishing me joy."

Although Mathews's father was an actor, he had no desire that his son should embrace the same profession unless he showed such talent as would place him in the front rank. He therefore studied to become an architect, and travelled in Ireland and also in Italy under the patronage of Lord Blessington. On one occasion he took part in some private theatricals, and made such an impression that his father expressed his willingness to have him study for the stage; but Mathews had no desire to do so, and the project was abandoned. It was not until after his father's death that he finally went upon the stage. Indeed, he seems to have drifted into the profession rather than to have adopted it through any preference or impulse of talent. He had become disgusted with architecture, had written poems and dramas, and painted pictures, but without feeling any desire to devote his life to art or poetry. An income was apparently the grand necessity, and the stage seemed likely to supply it. At first he essayed to win Fortune as a manager, but she evaded him, and he became an actor. On the 6th of November, 1835, he made his début at the Olympic Theatre, London, in a little piece of his own, called the *Humpbacked Lover*, and a farce by Leman Rede, called the *Old and Young Stager*. The prestige of his father's name, and the advantage of being brought forward by Mr. Liston, with whom he had so long been associated in the remembrance of the audience, had doubtless much to do with the great success he met with, and he had the happiness of jumping at once into popular favor. After this the vexed question of a career was decided. Mathews became known as a comedian of the first rank, drawing immense audiences in London, starring in the provinces, and, indeed, extending his travels wherever there was an opportunity for an English actor to be heard.

Probably few of our readers can remember Mathews's début in this country, but in the course of the visits he made here he became as



MATHEWS AS THE "LITTLE PARSON."—From the Original Drawing by De Wilde.

great a favorite with American theatre-goers as in his own country. His last appearance in New York city, on which occasion he was, as usual, supported by his wife, partook of the nature of an ovation. The favorite pieces of *One Hour*, *My Eleventh Day*, and the *Old and Young Stager*, kept the audience in continued laughter from beginning to end. Mrs. Mathews was in better voice and spirits than usual. The brilliant appearance of a house crowded in every part, the boxes containing an overwhelming majority of ladies, and perhaps the feeling that the period of her mortification and annoyance was at an end, all combined to produce this happy effect. She was called forth at the conclusion of the *Eleventh Day*, and received the rapturous applause of the house. At the termination of the evening's performance Mr. Mathews received the same compliment. After the first cheers had subsided, the audience resumed their seats, and a dead silence prevailed. Mr. Mathews then delivered with great energy and vigor an address wherein he related some of his more humorous experiences in our country, concluding with a graceful tribute to the appreciation and encouragement tendered him by America, after which he bade his patrons, in the name of Mrs. Mathews and himself, a respectful farewell.

Most of Mathews's scrapes and iniquities seem to have arisen out of what a humorous writer calls "impecuniosity." Debt was the spectre that haunted him, and from which apparently he could never get free. Indeed, so perpetually was he embarrassed that we suspect there may be some truth in the statement of the old gentleman in whose company he passed by one of the prisons where he had been lately confined. With charming naïveté he tells us: "As we rattled by the Castle walls, a rosy, smiling gentleman opposite me playfully observed: 'That's where Charley Mathews is confined.' 'Really!' said a sympathizing female; 'poor fellow!' 'Poor fellow!' said the jolly gentleman, with a gingerbread-nut in his mouth; 'not at all. He revels in it. Lord bless you, he has been in every prison in England!' The actor adds: 'I need not say I did not immediately introduce myself.' In another chapter he says, apropos of the same subject: 'I might relate a thousand stories of my hair-breadth 'scapes and adventures with a class of professors wholly unknown, happily, to a large portion of the population, and whose names inspire terror to those who do not know them; officers of the Jewish persuasion, who are supposed to represent the majesty of the law in its most forbidding shape, but to whom I have been indebted for so many acts of kindness that I have frequently blessed my stars that they were interposed between me and the tomahawking Christians by whom they were employed, and from whom no mercy could have been extracted. I have had two of those functionaries in adjacent rooms, and have borrowed the money from one to pay out the other, with many such like incidents." In fact, Mathews seemed to regard his creditors as a set of harpies created solely for his persecution, apparently never suspecting that these annoying and pertinacious individuals had the slightest right to the money he owed them. This fact is most conspicuously set forth in his "Address to his Creditors," made in 1843, from which we quote the following: "I have for months past submitted to be told by people, who little dreamed of the manner in which the money was really going, that I must be 'very extravagant;' that I was 'living too expensively;' that I ought to be 'putting something by for the future' (while I had not even enough for the present). I have submitted to see my trades-people go away from the door unpaid for the very necessaries of life with which they furnished me. I have submitted to resort to subterfuges, for which I despised myself, to gain entrance to and exit from the theatre in which I was engaged, to enable me to do my duty to the public, and to the very manager out of whose pocket all these claims were to be paid, but never to be satisfied. In short, for a year and a half have I been harassed, censured, sued, arrested, lectured, and drained of every farthing I could muster, earn, or borrow, and no one debt seems materially reduced by it—interest and law will swallow up everything. This, gentlemen, is the state of the case: judge of it for yourselves. A meeting is about to be called, and the vouchers for these facts will be produced for your inspection. A proposition will be made to you which, I trust, will either meet with your approval or elicit from you a better. All I can say is, I have done my best. I am driven from my house and from my profession, to neither of which, I am determined, will I return until I can present myself before the public freely and independently, as I have always endeavored to do—able to devote myself to its service with a mind at ease, unshackled by the torments and anxieties of a distracting involvement, which (though certainly of my own creation) I can conscientiously assert has had its origin in the most honorable motives."

Mathews was, in fact, a person of a nervous, restless temperament, imbued with the emphatic conviction that it was necessary to keep himself always in motion, and, if he wanted to succeed, always before the public. He was not a man, even when he needed rest, to sit down and fold his hands. His idea of rest even was only change of work. He frequently declared that work was necessary to him, and that he should die in harness, and the result was to show that he was right. He was, indeed, an indefatigable worker. Up to the very last he played in two parts almost every night, carrying out the traditions of his earlier days, when the amount of work that he got through would astonish some of the comedians of to-day who are exhausted with the fatigues of a three-act comedy, even without constant rehearsals, and the cares and anxieties of a manager burdened with debt and hopeless responsibility. No amount of stage work ever seemed to come amiss to him.

Shortly after his mother's death he came to a decision from which many a younger man might well have shrunk. He was then nearly sixty-eight years old, and had been on the stage, actively and almost incessantly employed, for thirty-four years. If he had come to the conclusion that it was time to think about taking a little rest, or had even suggested an early retirement, it would have seemed to everybody a natural thing enough; but that was about the last thing of which he was likely to think. A fresh departure and new audiences were the objects he had in view, not a farewell to old friends. He decided, for a little change, on undertaking the long tour of Australia, New Zealand, and so home *viâ* the United States. On Saturday, April 9, 1870, he made his first bow to the Melbourne public at the Theatre Royal. The pieces selected were *Married for Money*, and *Patter v. Clatter*, and the theatre was crammed in every part. The reception which the visitor received when he stepped on the stage as Mr. Mopus was enthusiastic and prolonged to an almost unprecedented degree. The roar of congratulatory applause broke forth again and again, and it was some minutes before the play could proceed. Heartier welcome no man could wish; and although Mathews had had no intention of addressing the audience, he could not refrain from saying a few words of acknowledgment.

Without attempting in any way to follow the course of Mathews's career in this article, we have endeavored, in connection with the portrait published on the first page of our Supplement, to call attention to a few of the more salient points in his character and history. He has but lately passed away from us, and his memory is still fresh with many theatre-goers, who find no substitute for the inimitable comedian in the actors now upon our stage. The volume, edited by Mr. Dickens, contains so much that is really from Mathews's pen that it seems almost as if it were his own work. It will be popular, for, published in the "Franklin Square Library," it may be had at a price that is not beyond the means of the humblest admirer of the popular actor who ever applauded him from parquette or gallery.

A WILLFUL WOMAN.

"If you don't take compassion on such a devoted lover, and one who is so good and worthy of you as Mr. Crichton, all I can say is *this*," said Mrs. Hinxman, with much emphasis, as if she were leading up to a crushing crisis, "I shall have no patience with you, and shall think you are acting very foolishly."

The person addressed gave a little laugh, which sounded unconvinced, although for the last half hour she had been assailed by arguments on the above subject, some a good deal off the line of application, others undeniably true.

"Yes, you may laugh," said Mrs. Hinxman, resuming the charge after a moment's pause, "but I can tell you one thing: this life you are leading is by no means improving. I do not say it has hurt you yet, although goodness knows the heads of many would have been turned by all the admiration and running after you have had. But what is to become of it all? that is what I look to. It can not last forever, and it will be a wonder if you are not spoiled for a married life, or a single one either, soon. Now, as Mr. Crichton's wife—"

"It has not been proved yet that Mr. Crichton desires at all to have me in that capacity," said Miss Graham, with another little laugh. "And if it were, my own inclination goes for something in the matter, I suppose."

"Your own inclination ought to be for what is good for you," said Mrs. Hinxman, sententiously.

"Sarsaparilla? brimstone and treacle? What is it you give your children in the spring, Emily, especially the naughty ones?"

"Yes, that is just what you are like—a very naughty child—and you ought to know better at your age. And so, I hope, you will," concluded Mrs. Hinxman, shaking her head at her friend, as she rose from her writing-table.

Friends tried and true they were, since their school-fellow days, some dozen years ago. Mrs. Hinxman had soon married and settled down to household cares and periodical babies. Alberta Graham, beautiful, clever, and attractive in all ways, had, on the contrary, taken her full pleasure out of life, and now at thirty was better-looking than she had been at twenty, and, what was to be expected, considerably more willful. Like the Lady of the Lea, she had objected to the thralldom of marriage, although, like that ill-fated dame, she had had almost unnumbered suitors. Whether her heart had been always as untouched as had appeared it would be impertinent here to inquire, since the matter has nothing to do with the present history. If one might hazard a conjecture, it probably had *not*, being warm by nature, however much kept in check by strength of will.

About a month ago she had come on a visit to her friend Emily Hinxman, who lived in a pretty country house in the heart of rural solitudes in the west of England. Welsh hills formed the horizon at one side, but here the land was rather flat than otherwise, with billowy mounds rising here and there, and long lawns and meadows that now were green with May's own sweet greenery. The many intersecting lanes and dells and hedges were white with blossom, and feathery with bloom, and "fair, quiet, and sweet rest" seemed capable of being found here, if anywhere on earth. Mr. Hinxman was not a particularly rich man, but he hunted, shot, fished, coursed, and farmed at their various seasons, and was calmly contented with his good little wife and pretty children; and what can country gentleman want more? In good truth, he envied no man living, and, if he did not rave at his good fortune, did perhaps a wiser thing in enjoying it practically, without too much endangering thought as to its component parts.

For Fidus Achates he had a near neighbor—no other than the Mr. Crichton so much recommended to Miss Graham by her friend Emily. Mr. Crichton's house was larger than Mr. Hinxman's, his property more extensive, and his income more desirable; and Mrs. Hinxman had not been wrong in praising him, or in taking his intentions for granted. Her only error in the matter lay in supposing that Nature, who never mistakes our capabilities, had intended her for a match-maker. With a very truthful turn of character, vehement sincerity of manner that bordered upon bluntness, and a disregard of caution and tact that would have been the despair of a diplomatist, she yet had entered without misgiving on this her maiden field of action. Moreover, her warm little heart being much interested in the result, she was now a good deal heated and discomfited that Alberta could not be brought to own the right amount of interest in the much-praised Mr. Crichton. Alas! it was with this very *much-praise* Mrs. Hinxman had defeated her own ends. Had she been endowed in the smallest degree with penetration of character, she must have seen that to urge Alberta to the match, to praise and be forever bringing up Mr. Crichton's virtues, to throw the pair together too obviously, and point out the advantages of the union in every moment of privacy, was precisely the way to set her willful friend against it. Happily, however, it had not shaken the friends in their affection for each other.

As Mrs. Hinxman prepared to leave the room, she said, "There! I shall leave you now to meditate on my good advice," and Miss Graham, rising too, opened a glass door leading out on to a balcony.

The morning sun had kissed and warmed it, leaving it happy for the day, although steeped in shadow; and Alberta, looking out from it into the fair sunshine dappling all the country-side spread wide before her eyes, took in the blent perfume of aromatic leaf and sweet flower with half-unconscious appreciation. Mr. Crichton had walked over to breakfast with them on the plea of a matter to talk over with Mr. Hinxman, which would have kept a month without injury to any living mortal, and now the pair were together in some of their usual haunts about the place.

Alberta sat down in the balcony, doing for once exactly as her friend had advised her—thinking over her advice. There had been some truth in it, beyond a doubt. Conscience, on being appealed to, replied to Alberta that it was possible even she was getting a little spoiled by the life she was leading, a little too dependent on the homage and flattery, even though she might laugh at them; a little too confident of her conquests, a little too callous toward the hearts she made to suffer. She had honestly tried to steer clear of these shoals, but too much prosperity and pleasure are not less dangerous now than Æschylus esteemed them in his day. Then this quiet, settled life, so full of its own calm duties, giving leisure to cultivate the best and noblest part of the natures alike of men and women, had grown upon Alberta more than she had been prepared for. The very mountains on the horizon had become dear, and the country had something of briery wildness and sweet freedom about it that her own home, situated in one of the trim flower-garden counties, seemed to lack.

But did she care for Mr. Crichton? That was the very thing she had been asking herself for days without getting any settled answer. "And if I loved him I should not be in doubt," said Alberta to herself.

What she did know was that she did not *want* to love him. It would be so ridiculous, such a tame ending to a career that had really had brilliancy and prestige about it: a bucolic wooing—love among the buttercups! Why, her father had said to her almost with his parting kiss, "Now, of course, that neighbor of Hinxman's will fall in love with you, and I dare say we shall have you settling down after all as an Arcadian shepherdess." And she would so like to go back and say to him, "Here I am! no Arcadian shepherdess after all—only your own old torment back again."

Then Emily had, of course, shown every card in her hand the very first evening of Alberta's arrival, and Mr. Crichton, although really unconscious of the plot, had followed her lead from the beginning. It would be so dreadfully prosaic to fall in like a raw school-girl to such palpable scheming, and say a ready "Yes" to the first "Will you?" Alberta felt inclined to be as provokingly impracticable as the horse that stands still until the groom is close to him, only to show him, at the last moment, a clean pair of heels as he puts the field again between them.

Well, if she did not love him, that was the easy course to pursue, and disappoint them all. If, on the other hand, she *did* love him, she could quite fancy, like one who finds freedom in restraint and liberty in law, how the tame ending might unfold a piquancy and grace passing the romance of novel-writer or poet. She sat dreaming of it for a few moments, looking at the May wilderness before her with a strange feeling at her heart, and then she thought, what if she ever came to deem those mountain barriers prison walls? if the quiet country life became commonplace and dull? and if she had not enough love for Mr. Crichton to sustain her through the 365 breakfasts to be faced together yearly, which some one warns us to bear in mind in our ideal views of matrimony?

The glass door suddenly opened, and Mr. Crichton himself, with his mission written on his face, asked permission to join her on the balcony. If Mr. Crichton's face betrayed his mission, he had come there quite prepared to follow up the mute appeal by word of mouth. "Emily has sent him on purpose," thought Alberta, but she was wrong, for he had himself espied her from afar, and closed with the opportunity there and then. They were quite and undeniably alone, all except a doll left by one of the children in a corner of the balcony, which stared at them in unblinking astonishment. He went to the point at once with a directness that made Alberta's fencing somewhat difficult, and with the eloquence which a manly nature thoroughly in earnest seldom fails to find.

He was some ten years older than Alberta, and nothing very wonderful perhaps—neither tall as a dragoon, handsome as Apollo, nor witty as Horatius Flaccus. But any physiognomist would have said at a glance his face was a good one, the eye and smile most notably so, and one might well believe that to the woman who loved him he would be, in life or death, worthy of her devotion. Something of this was in Alberta's mind; but was she the woman to whom Mr. Crichton would be all in all? It was very important to be sure of that.

He was saying, "This can not be a surprise to you, for I have let you see my intentions plainly, and Mrs. Hinxman too."

"I do not say it is wholly a surprise," said Alberta, who had been zigzagging, so to speak, in her replies: as soon as she neared one dangerous extreme, rushing off in the opposite direction, and then *da capo*. A word of contradiction even from the doll, if it could have spoken, might have made acceptance easy and attractive; without it, it was flat and tame; besides, was she not in doubt whether she loved him? She grew petulent from her uncertainty.

"Then surely you can give me an answer," said he, "there can be no difficulty in that."

"None, of course," replied Alberta, hastily; "and one thing it is my right to say—I *will not* be bothered and worried and persecuted about a thing that is entirely my own concern."

"Never by me," said Mr. Crichton, the smile of a moment ago changing to sudden gravity, "if I am to understand that you look upon my attentions in that light. I love you far too well to give you a moment's pain. Do you mean that *that* is your answer?"

Now Alberta's petulance had been, in reality, against Emily and her own indecision, but, like a pawn at chess, she could not go back. Since, with a man's dense stupidity, he had chosen to suggest her answer, he should even have it so.

"Yes, that is my answer," said Alberta, with unnecessary vehemence, "and I particularly beg I may hear no more upon the subject."

"*That* you shall not, be sure. God help me to bear this as best I may!"

There was something so simple and manly in the words, so earnest in the tone and the look he gave her, that the coldest heart might have been stirred. At this joyful moment the luncheon bell clanged out, and Mrs. Hinxman, opening the glass door, exclaimed:

"Oh, here you are still! Come along, if you are ready." Thereby giving fresh evidence of her fitness for match-making.

The governess and children, with Mr. Hinxman, awaited them in the dining-room, and the meal was got through with the usual amount of conversation. Not that Alberta helped it much: a dangerous inclination to cry seemed to threaten her accustomed self-possession; but she had nothing to complain of in Mr. Crichton. He covered her silence, and brought the children to the surface of the talk—an infallibly successful ruse where parents are concerned. Then, with an easy transition from the subject of toys:

"That's right," said he; "you have spoken just in time—tambourine, gun, doll, drum, and taffy. I am going up to London this very afternoon. Has any one else got commissions for me?"

An exclamation of surprise from Mr. Hinxman, who kept discreetly out of plots and domestic asides; a reproachful glance from Emily to Alberta. But Mr. Crichton was equal to the occasion, and had reasons ready-made for change of plans, or aught besides. Only, as he held the door open for the ladies to pass out, in wishing good-by to Alberta, he laid a certain grave emphasis on the parting word, that conveyed to her ear, as it was intended, something more than what is usually meant. Emily followed the school-room party to give some afternoon orders, and Alberta strayed back to her balcony alone. The doll was still seated in the corner with arms straight down and head thrown back, smiling inanely, probably at her own good fortune in being a doll, and not a suffering mortal. Alberta sat down, looking at the calm beauty of lawn and field, at the rugged mountain range, and at the smoke rising above the trees from the chimneys of Crichton Court. Its park boundary came close to the Hinxmans' lawn, across which an oft-trodden path wound from the house down to a ha-ha, and from the road concealed therein you entered Mr. Crichton's grounds. Nothing could be more peacefully fair than the scene, and nothing broke the stillness of it except the bees among flower beds below, and the more distant cries of the lambs playing in frolicsome companies upon the lower lawn.

If she did not love him, she could remember it all as a picture of idyllic beauty, where a Corydon and Phyllis might well make love, and woo, and wed, and where Mr. Crichton would doubtless soon forget the disappointment of to-day. If, on the other hand, she *did* love him, that scene might rise up and haunt her some day. Presently Mr. Crichton appeared, making his way through the walks, past the flower beds and croquet ground, to that path across the lawns. He walked on steadily, not once looking back to the house he had left, with head erect, but with a slower step, for all that, than when he had come that way in the morning. Alberta looked after him spell-bound. The lawn sloped; he would soon be out of sight; the ha-ha was reached, and the master of Crichton Court turned off and vanished from view as he returned to his solitary home.

And then she was *quite* sure that she loved him.

It was just a year later. Alberta, with her parents, had been staying in this same county, when she got a letter from Mrs. Hinxman asking her to spare her a few days, if no more, on her way up to London.

"There are, of course, few attractions to tempt you," said the letter; "and in *one line*, at least, you despised what I once provided; but you know how welcome you are to all of us," and so on. Then: "I am such a wretched correspondent, otherwise I should have told you about our Militia Ball, which was so good. Little Jessie Bulteel came out at it, and looked so pretty. Mr. Crichton said she was quite the belle of the room, and I am going to have her to stay with me next month, *in hopes*. I tell you this, for I am sure you liked Mr. Crichton well enough to be glad he should be provided with such a good little wife as I have a private idea that Jessie would make him."

Alberta did not look back with pleasure on the year that was gone. A London season, and a constant round of visits and pleasuring during the winter, had found and left her bright and happy many a year before. Although her life's programme read somewhat a frivolous one, Alberta was no idle butterfly, and, above all, she had not led that exhaustive chase after matrimony which leaves so many shattered and spent before their time. She valued the solids of life as well as its sweets. Her lot had been a prosperous one; but, in the face of poetical justice, it need not follow of necessity that one carries a cold and selfish heart even along an o'er-smooth way. It had come, however, now to pass, that all through this year Alberta had failed to gather much enjoyment from any of the old sources. A regret, a contrition, an insatiable yearning for a certain idyllic and ideal country-side, haunted her, and spoiled everything besides. And now that Emily's letter had come, Alberta could not resist it.

She *must* go. Mr. Crichton might or might not be in love with Jessie Bulteel's silly little face. She, Alberta, was going to stay for these few days with Emily, not with Mr. Crichton—to try and lay the memory of that Beulah land, and look that mistake of hers, of which she was well aware, fairly in the face, and accept its consequences. And so she went.

She had only a few days to spare, so it was fortunate that, after a late spring, warm weather had suddenly set in, and the familiar scene wore as fair a smile upon its face as the one Alberta had left there just a year ago. Mr. Crichton was at home, and the second day after Alberta's coming saw him emerging from the ha-ha and coming up to the house on one of his usual visits. He had not chosen to break through his customary habits, and so the inevitable meeting took place. If there was something of constraint between them as they shook hands and described the weather to one another, it was scarcely enough to attract attention. Mr. Crichton was studiously friendly in the few remarks he addressed to Alberta; but how few they were no one knew better than she, nor why he made them so. He had strictly obeyed her somewhat vehement commands to be left in peace, and no doubt considered it necessary to carry them out, even in this minute particular.

"What a pity it should all be at an end," said Emily to herself, "when they would have suited so well; but Alberta never will listen to any one's advice without she fancies it herself." Which was more true than grammatically phrased—Mrs. Hinxman having picked up this mode of expression from her head nurse.

The next day passed on, and then came the last evening, and a very beautiful one it was, making Alberta's heart ache at the thought of leaving on the morrow, although she had inwardly known but little peace or satisfaction throughout the visit. Mr. Crichton had come over to dinner, and they were not allowed to sit long after it, for the children had been promised to go and see "the peat field burning," and were gathered in an impatient little troop on the gravel outside, one or other appearing at door or window now and then, with "Aren't you just coming, pappy? You've been such a long time at your dinner!"

Toward the left of the Hinxmans' house the ground began rising on its way to the mountains, and across a couple of meadows you came to a sloping field, shaded on one side by trees, where the peat was burning. They all went along merrily; the children, in full zest of contentment after their long waiting, wheeled and fluttered round the elders like a little flock of pigeons. Emily and Alberta had red shawls on over their evening dresses, and a basket with work and novels to read, if they preferred sitting down by-and-by. It was an exquisite evening, balmy and fresh, and the smell of the peat, mingling with the sweet air, was something to call forth panegyrics every moment. The laborers in the field, too—mostly women—seemed so good-tempered and pleased to see them, working at the firing and turning the peat with none the less vigor for being under the master's eye.

The children were in ecstasies, now venturing on daring contact with the burning peat, now running screaming away in pretended fright, and chasing each other in and out of the heated clods of grass and earth. Emily had accepted Mr. Crichton's arm to ascend the side of the rugged field, skirting its hedge. Mr. Hinxman took Alberta round about among the peat, now talking to the work people, now explaining to her how the weather had been too damp to do this burning sooner, and how the field would now be in prime condition for the autumn setting of corn. They were generally pleasant companions to each other, but to-night Alberta's heart was "throbbing with the May," and in secret she gave only a kind of sick man's attention to his farming plans.

Presently they rejoined the others, and stood admiring the pretty scene and the beauty of the evening. Now and then they played with the children, now and then strolled round the field, for the dew was falling too thickly under the trees for the projected seats and novels. The smell of the peat was delicious. As the shades deepened, the fires came out brighter; sparks and flames now burning steadily, now running round a fresh piece of peat, or rising in the air. The whole field was a net-work of bright edges, sparkling and darting like fire-flies, and full of mystery and romance. They were all getting childish and merry, and the children were half beside themselves with the fascination and adventure of it all. Something of last year's cordiality flashed out again between Mr. Crichton and Alberta in the unguarded gayety of the moment. It was much too delightful to be left, but the night was drawing on, and after repeated reprieves, the children, hot and excited, were collected together, and the homeward journey began.

In returning, the gentlemen running races and playing with the still excited children, Emily and Alberta fell behind, and reached the hall door alone, when they found their basket had been left behind. Nothing would do for Alberta but to fetch it herself; she said she had wanted all along to see that field again, and forbidding Emily to say where she had gone, she was off round the corner of the house. It was not far to go: only a short-cut across two fields, and the gate was reached. Alberta had come so fast she was fain to stop and rest half way up the ascent, looking once again at that fascinating scene around, and surprised to see how the moonlight, which had been so shadowy a while ago, steeped the country now in a perfect bath of light. Presently she became aware that one of the gentlemen had followed her. She stood in the dark end of the field under the trees, from behind which the moon sent tongues and shafts and trembling mysteries of light across the shadow. Her white dress, however, betrayed her, and, much to her annoyance, lest she should have been supposed to foresee this consequence of her coming, Mr. Crichton in a few steps was at her side.

"I am so sorry you should have taken the trouble to come," she said. "I begged Emily not to say I had come to fetch it."

"Has something been forgotten? I have not spoken to Mrs. Hinxman since, but seeing you return to the field in a hurry, I thought you had lost something, and that I might be of use."

"Thank you; it is the basket; but I know exactly where to find it." They went a few steps farther on, and found it duly awaiting them in all innocence in the hedge. Mr. Crichton took it up, and they turned their steps homeward, almost in silence, Alberta walking very fast. Once she gave a little slip, but recovered herself.

"The ground is very slippery with the dew. Won't you take my arm?" said Mr. Crichton.

"No, thank you; I shall do very well," said Alberta, slipping again in proof of it.

"Is there any occasion to go quite so fast?" he asked: "the night alone deserves some notice. One could rarely see a finer."

"No," admitted Alberta, as they stopped still under the trees, "in moonlight, shine, and shade," to look at it. The fairies were busy at their revels, no doubt, if one could but have seen them. The peat fires smouldered a little. All the open country was spiritualized by moonlight; dew and enchantment were everywhere. Alberta and Mr. Crichton resumed their walk after a few vague commonplaces of admiration; now in silence, now with a constrained word or two that showed that silence noticed. Then Mr. Crichton said, rather abruptly:

"You are going away to-morrow, and if I were a wise man I should be glad of it. That I suppose I am not, for I am too sorry to bear it quite in silence, or admire this moonlight, or enjoy the present as I might, for thinking how soon it is to end."

"I do not see why my going should make any difference," said Alberta.

"Possibly not," he answered. "Possibly you do not understand, either, how a man can get to care for a woman so that he cares for little else besides. Forgive me, however, for saying this. I have no right to trouble you. I have not forgotten the commands you laid on me to leave this subject alone. If it had not been for them, I should have much to say to-night; but no doubt you wished them obeyed?"

"Of course I did," answered Alberta.

"And you wish it still?"

"I do."

"Then that is enough for me," said Mr. Crichton, with such a depth of sadness in his voice, as he held the gate of the peat field open for her to pass, that the painful contrast to his merriment with the children so short a while ago was more than a warm but willful heart beside him could stand.

"But," began Alberta, and then stopped short, with her face in the moonlight grown suddenly as hot as the peat brands.

"But what?" said Mr. Crichton, gravely, for there had been a few minutes' silence, and his thoughts had been full of gloom.

"But," repeated Alberta, with a ripple of laughter somewhere in her voice, "*supposing there had been no commands*, what was it you would have said?"

"Is that a fair question?" he asked, halting and looking at her in a mixture of surprise and doubt.

"Quite fair," said Alberta, looking anywhere but at him.

"Then I should have asked you once more to be my wife, and to give me love for love, if in ever so small a degree. Your answer, if you please, Miss Graham?" concluded Mr. Crichton, a smile upon his own lips now.

"As you like it, then," said Alberta, steadily, for she knew her own mind and his well at last. And with a fervent "God bless you for that!" Mr. Crichton drew her closer to his side.

Perhaps the moon had never smiled upon a happier pair of lovers since the days when Lorenzo and Jessica paced the avenue at Belmont and bandied similes.

"I never was so glad of anything in all my life," said Mrs. Hinxman, when Mr. Crichton presented his promised bride to her about half an hour later. "Although, why Alberta could not have married you, as I wanted her to, a year ago, is just like her contrary way of doing things. And now," laughing, "thinking it was all over between you, I asked little Jessie Bulteel here, and had quite made up my mind you would fall in love with one another, and my fun is all spoiled."

"Pray let her come," said Mr. Crichton. "Hearing of it, I too have asked my young nephew to visit me, for I thought they fancied each other at that Militia Ball. She seemed a nice pliant little thing; but for myself, you see, I like the perverse, provoking, willful woman best."

SPARKLING CHAMPAGNE.

THE inventor of sparkling Champagne, as every one may not know, was a certain monk named Perignon, who, in the year 1688, held the post of cellarer in the Abbey of St. Peter of Hautvilliers. It was he who hit upon the idea of "marrying" the produce of one vineyard with that of another. It was he who was first struck with the happy thought that a piece of cork was a much more suitable stopper for a bottle than the flax dipped in oil which had heretofore served that purpose. Without this last innovation, of course, the invention of sparkling Champagne would have been impossible. For a long time the reason why the wine sparkled and foamed was a great mystery. The connection between sugar and carbonic acid was undreamed of. It was sometimes held that the time of the year at which the wine was bottled was the cause of its effervescence. Again, it was believed to be influenced by the age of the moon. It was even supposed to be owing to the introduction of certain drugs, and by the use of such nastiness in the year 1715, a reaction set in against Champagne which was nearly giving the death-blow to its popularity. But, as we all know, such a reaction had but a short-lived effect; and year by year, from the days of Louis le Grand to those of the present year, the fashion for drinking the sparkling beverage has shown no signs of being on the wane. In the year 1845 the return of manufacturers' stocks made by the Chamber of Commerce at Rheims was fixed at 23,285,218 bottles; in 1878 it was 70,183,863. Certainly in 1877 there was more Champagne in stock at Rheims, the number of bottles being 71,398,726; but the general depression in trade is far more likely to account for such a decrease than even the rapidly increasing popularity of the Rhenish sparkling wines.

At Rheims, the great centre of the Champagne district, accounts are given of the histories of all the celebrated firms. From these, forming as they do the most interesting part of the work, we learn how the great house of Clicquot was established in the year 1798 by the husband of La Veuve Clicquot, Ponsardin, who died in 1806. The Clicquot brand was much indebted for its celebrity to the lucky accident of the Russians occupying Rheims in 1814 and 1815. Madame Clicquot's wines were slightly known in Russia prior to this date, but the officers of the invading army, on their return home, proclaimed their merits throughout the length and breadth of the Muscovite Empire, and the fortune of the house was made. As to Messrs. Moët & Chandon, the firm is of considerable antiquity. In their old books of accounts of sales of sparkling wines are shown entries as far back as 1743. Moët & Chandon, however, only came into England in 1788. The house of M. Louis Roederer dates back a considerable time, but Heidsieck & Co. was tolerably well known even in 1785. Mumm & Co. established themselves in Rheims in 1825, while the Pommery made its great hit by the splendid *cuvée* of 1868.

A SUMMER OUTING IN JAPAN.

AWAY from the glare and noise and the dust of Yokohama during this brilliant beautiful weather; away to some sequestered village amongst the great goblin-haunted hills, or to the health resorts nestling by the side of hot mineral springs, or to one of the pleasant spots on the coast where the air is pure and fresh, and the sky blue and cloudless. Anywhere away from the clatter of brokers' traps, the howling of the coolies, the harsh chatter of mercenary Chinamen, collars, etiquette, and Mrs. Grundy.

So say and sigh during the month of July many foreigners exiled in the fair romantic land of Japan; and the result of this very universal saying and sighing is a general exodus from the settlement on the shores of Jeddo Bay. Resolved to go, the pleasurable difficulty arises of picking and choosing from the *embarras de richesses* presented. Granted that one can go unhampered by social or business ties, that one's health is good, and it will be found a difficulty not easily to be disposed of, so dazzling are the various paths of attraction open to inspection. One may pack up a few necessaries in a knapsack, put on an old Knickerbocker suit, fill one's pockets with a sketch-book, smoking implements, and paper money, and start forth to explore; wander away from the beaten tourist tracks, along by-ways leading to quaint old-world towns and villages, as yet unoperated upon by the great wave of modern civilization; roam amongst the mountains, famous for their legends and superstitions; take the railway to the capital, and spend a pleasant week or two amongst the monuments of the mighty past which still crowd it; or hire a junk and coast away down to Kobe and on to Nagasaki through the peerless Inland Sea. These and a hundred other baits are held out to the jaded seeker for tranquillity, change of air and scene, and amusement.

But we do not want to make a toil of a pleasure by performing long journeys and roughing it extensively; so we decide to spend a week at the solitary isle of Inoshima, but a few miles from Yokohama, yet one of the most beautiful, healthy, and romantic spots in this beautiful, healthy, and romantic land.

We need order but a few essential stores to be put up and sent forward by coolies; for Inoshima is well furnished, and the frequent European visitors there have created a supply of the common articles of European food equal to the demand. A "jinrickisha" takes us away from the objectionable suburbs of Yokohama, and lands us in front of a huge temple fane, where the country real and unadulterated may be said to begin.

The road, as befitting the country, and in keeping with the poetry with which we wish to invest everything, is rough and uneven. Brawling torrents rush along on each side, spanned now and then by quaking wooden bridges. Right up to the clear blue sky on either side rise hills whose sides are clothed with the wild luxuriance of vegetation so charming in Japan: thickets of delicate bamboo, intermingled with the deep red of the azalea, the more delicate hues of the cryptomeria, the occasional sparkle of the camellia, and the deep sad green of the hardypine, most weird and poetical of Japanese trees. Away over the narrow stretch of paddy fields in front, rising over distant billows of brown, green, and red, standing grand and solitary against the sky, appears the cone of Fujiyama, the Peerless Mountain. As one gazes on the scene, one stops involuntarily, and drinks in the first draught of the pure holiday air. And then we stride on, past scattered cottages, wherein the hardy ever-industrious women are spinning coarse garments or making rush baskets, where the bronzed urchins are rolling in the sun, and the poor naked laborer is resting a while from his toil in the paddy mud for a drop of tea and a whiff of tobacco; past rude rustic temples, approached by winding paths, indicated by great arches of wood or stone curiously carved; now mounting, now descending, always with the same glorious view of earth and sky spread around, until we strike the Tocaido, the great main-road, at the long straggling village of Totsuka. There is but little to detain us here. Hordes of Sunday visitors of the worst quality from the European settlement have long since robbed Totsuka of whatever was once there romantic and original. The children as we pass shriek, "Tojin baka!" ("Beast of an invader!") and run away at full speed; the very dogs growl and bark as we approach; the inhabitants have grown so accustomed to foreigners that they scarcely deign to raise their heads, and give us the ordinary civil salutation of "Good-morning." So we hurry through Totsuka along the great main-road, once the scene of many a stirring event and glorious pageant in the old feudal days, now an ordinary commonplace—although in certain districts beautiful—road, stretching from the eastern capital to the western.

Four miles further on and we reach the extensive village of Fujisawa—in the old days, as the great tea-houses on either side of the road still attest, an important halting-place for the retinues of the great lords on their journeys through the country. Now it is dull enough. A somewhat picturesquely situated temple at the entrance to the village arrests the attention for a minute; but the inhabitants are as morose and uncivil as those of Totsuka; so we willingly turn off the road, and passing under a huge stone porch, follow the well-beaten track which leads to the beautiful island of Inoshima.

As we advance, evidences that we are approaching the coast grow more and more distinct. Trees are few and far between; the rough bowlders which have been playing havoc with our feet for so many hours are superseded by thick deep sand. Way-side shrines and hill temples become numerous; for we are nearing one of the sacred spots of Japan, and for hundreds of years the weary feet of pilgrims from every part of the country have plodded along the route we are now following. We purposely skirt the sea-side village of Katasi; for it reeks with evil smells, and the inhabitants are familiar with the language and manners of the worst types of English and American tourists; and we find ourselves, just as the sun's rays are beginning to lose their strength, and as the air is becoming tempered by the cool breeze of the evening, on the sea-shore.

Well may the Japanese be proud of this bit of scenery, and class it amongst the seven great views of their land. In front, standing out of the sea, just as Mont St. Michel stands off the Norman coast, rises the densely wooded many-templed island of Inoshima, behind which, and on each side of which, stretches the deep blue expanse of ocean. To our right, over a purple range of hills, rises the beautiful cone of Fujiyama; and to the left wanders a bold coast outline, with a shining belt of sand, upon which the waves incessantly beat. If we are fortunate enough to escape tourists and hordes of dirty pilgrims, at first sight it seems the beau ideal of a holiday resting-place; so we give our knapsacks a hitch up, and cross the narrow spit of sand, covered at high tide, which connects the island with the main-land.

Once in the quaint little tea-house, standing aside from the rough beaten village street, hidden in its own little grove of trees, and we feel that our holiday has actually begun. How sweet and fresh the air seems! How quiet and sequestered the spot! How "dimly religious" the fading light! as, after a hearty meal, we stretch our weary limbs on the soft white mats and puff at our